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## THE SHAH AT PARIS.

THE arrival of the SHAH has been a source of great amusement and delight to the people of Paris. They have seen in his reception an occasion for many jokes, and at the same time an opportunity of exhibiting what the capital of capitals can do when it chooses. It is a long time since Paris has had a holiday, and it has been charmed to break the long dulness of its state of siege, its monotonous politics, and its hard times by a few days of childish gaiety. It has been impossible, however, for Parisians to treat the SHAH with the same gravity with which Londoners received him. They have never lost sight of the drollery of making so much of a petty Oriental prince. Nor was it possible that, in the present feverish state of the political world, the SHAH should not be made somehow or other the instrument of different parties. The Republican papers do not much like the frivolity which is so ready to stare at and admire a despot; and one ardent Radical, who was arrested for hissing at the SHAH as he passed, explained that his vehemence was to be accounted for by his belief that in hissing the SHAH he was hissing all the Kings of the earth. The Royalists of all shades are on the contrary charmed with the SHAH, and congratulate themselves on the eagerness with which the crowd rushes to look at any one who comes with the prestige of a sovereign. Paris, said one ardent politician, has been now nearly three years under a Republic, and when something like a King comes it is as pleasant as the first dish of new peas to a man who has been going on through the winter with nothing but potatoes. But then the SHAH, although he satisfies the thirst for Royalty, is much better fun than most Kings, for he and his Oriental ways are capable of being made the themes of endless pleasantry. In England we sometimes have reason to regret that there is too little reticence as to what Royal people do or do not do, and there are some occasions when the veil of private life is lifted by the hands of vulgar curiosity. But in Paris there is no notion that any reticence at all is desirable; and if it is sometimes difficult to procure information, it is always easy to invent. Whether the many anecdotes and foolish stories told of the SHAH are true or false it is impossible to say, for no one cares, and to be amusing, not to be true, is the aim of the aspiring journalist. The Parisian journals gravely announce that on the night previous to the date of publication the SHAH took his coffee at eleven and went to bed at twelve. This is interesting, and who is there to say it is not true? The Correspondent of one of the most enterprising journals entertained his readers on Monday with a long account of the heroic and at length successful efforts which he had made to get near the SHAH at Cherbourg. His irrepressible zeal had been rewarded by his being able to make and communicate a great discovery. This secret which he whispered so pleasantly to the Parisian world was that he had actually sat so near the SHAH that he could say positively that HIS MAJESTY had not been shaved for two days. To discover or invent this, and to let all Paris share the delightful secret, seemed to the writer the height of fun, and no doubt most of his readers thoroughly sympathized with him. A still better opportunity for light sportive writing was afforded by an incident, real or imaginary, which marked the SHAH's journey to Paris. There was a station where he was to stop, and everything was done to make the most of the great event. The Préfet and the Sous-Préfet and the Maire were there, and the military and the firemen, and the usual young ladies with bouquets, and the Maire was proceeding to read a beautiful address,

when it was discovered that the SHAH was asleep. No one dared to wake him, and he slept tranquilly till he was carried far away from the scene of the honours intended for him. The confusion of the eager provincials and their respectable authorities under a stroke of fortune so disastrous and so unexpected was a delightful theme for Parisian writing; and no one who did not appreciate the comic side which the SHAH's coming has presented to the Parisian mind could really understand how he has been received.

Paris, however, has not only had its little laugh at the SHAH; it has received him with a welcome intended at once to do him honour and to show him what Paris was like. Before he came to England, a story was adroitly started that he had confided to some unknown person that his really serious object in visiting Europe was to see England and make the English his friends. In the same way, before he got to Paris, the Parisians were informed that his dream of dreams, the desire that had carried him through weeks of sad ennui, was to see and taste the delights of Paris. That he should have his wishes fulfilled and know the charms of the city of pleasure was the wish of all Parisians. They have not spent much money on their welcome. Most of what they have disbursed on his account will have gone in fireworks and gas. But then he has seen Paris, and there is no one in Paris who does not honestly believe that this is quite enough for a Shah. There is nothing which could happen under the sun that could for a moment shake the belief of the Parisians in their capital, or even dispose them to see any painful associations in anything or any person forming part of an exhibition in which they considered the glory of Paris to be involved. The SHAH entered Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, and was there received by Marshal MACMAHON. The Parisians managed entirely to lose the memory of the last entry into Paris made through the triumphal arch, and they determined to seem never to have heard of Sedan, and complacently assured each other that it must be a source of ineffable pleasure to the SHAH to find himself in the same carriage with that "great warrior," the Duke of MAGENTA. The entry into Paris was a remarkably pretty sight. There were the flags and the troops to which visitors to Paris under the Empire have been so long accustomed; and there was an enormous crowd evidently and honestly delighted in at last seeing a spectacle, after the dismal period during which spectacles have been impossible. At Versailles the entertainment was as successful as anything in London; and it may be some comfort to Frenchmen to know that once in a way the desolate grandeur of Versailles has been put to some use. The Palace was there, and the magnificent fountains were there, and all that had to be done was to add some fireworks, and to turn on plenty of gas. Besides the superior beauty of the city, the Parisians have sought to show the SHAH two things in which they could boast a superiority over Londoners. They have devoted themselves much more than we did to Persian Lions and illuminations. Everywhere there is to be seen the extraordinary animal with a dagger in his front paw which represents the warlike majesty of Persia; and the illumination at Versailles culminated in a scene in which, according to the language of an enthusiastic journalist, the lion of Persia appeared in an "apotheosis of flame." The spectacle of the night fête to be given to-morrow will be magnificent, if the weather is favourable. The course of the Seine and the bridges will be lit with a variety of colours, and on the Trocadero the SHAH will be seated in a blaze of glory, and be honoured with an expenditure of gas which he would

doubly value if he could but understand how dreadfully dear coals are. The review of Thursday was an excellent opportunity of showing him how good an appearance the best part of the French army can still make, in spite of all the reverses of war. But the preparations for the review were the cause of one of those differences behind the scenes which unfortunately so often attend the arrangement of great scenes both in public and in private life. There were many deputies who did not like the way in which the Assembly was being treated. It was the Sovereign of France, and yet the members of this sovereign power were totally eclipsed by the MARSHAL, and by military men and officials. As a derisive Royalist journal said, the deputies who waited for the SHAH on Sunday on the steps of the BOURBON Palace looked more like dealers in rabbit-skins than sovereigns. There was wrath at Versailles over this, and after a very warm and angry discussion the majority voted that at the review the deputies should have a tribune all to themselves, and should appear in official costume. What this official costume was to be it was impossible to say positively, and the same derisive journal assured its readers that immediately after the vote one of the deputies, whom it named, rushed off to buy, by way of official costume, the first black coat he had ever had in his life. 'As a sign of the times the, assurance with which the monarchical journals at once proclaim the sovereignty of the Assembly because they think the present majority will favour their schemes, and ridicule the deputies for believing that the Assembly, as sovereign, is entitled to public honour, is worth noticing, and may give rise to some painful thoughts as to the future of France.

The French candidly avow that the visit of the SHAH has no political interest for them. Sometimes they talk feebly about the Chinese war, and the miserable settlement in Cochin China, and even go back to the Syrian Expedition, as they call it, and make believe as if they had a share more or less supreme in the fortunes of Asia. But the more sensible exponents of public opinion recognize that after the German war there is no real good in using language of this sort; and they even, with a quiet and dignified regret, refer to the recent treaty concluded at Berlin by which it is stipulated that Germany shall interpose its good offices if Persia is threatened by any European Power. Germany has been the conqueror in a great war, and they recognize that it is the privilege of a conqueror to claim a right of intervention in the affairs of distant nations. In old days France had the reputation of being at the head of military authority in Europe, and therefore it was then the right of France to see that other nations did not go to war without its permission; but times are changed, and this special glory of France has passed into other hands. No effect of the war is more marked than this indifference of France to what is going on outside France. Its own internal struggles and its domestic difficulties absorb its attention. Every incident is turned into an occasion of struggle between the Clerical and the Liberal parties; and even the visit of the SHAH has called forth a letter from General DU TEMPLE, a noted partisan of the Right, in which he deplores the frivolity with which France honours a Mussulman Prince while it leaves the POPE beneath the yoke of his enemies. His countrymen have not the slightest wish to risk a son or the life of a soldier in order to give the POPE back what he has lost; but then, on the other hand, they make it equally clear that, in paying honour to a Mussulman Prince, they do not wish to protect imaginary interests, or to pretend that the key of the great Eastern question is in their hands. They prefer to dwell on the safe and incontestable influence which France exercises over distant nations by her manners and her language. They point with satisfaction to the fact that the only European language which the SHAH speaks is French, that the French language and literature are studied at Teheran, and that among the officials of the SHAH many Frenchmen are to be found. This is a source of gratification which no one can deny or grudge to the French, and there can be no doubt that the SHAH recognizes that, now that he is in Paris, he has reached the centre of a civilization which hitherto has been supreme in its pliability and its power of adapting itself to nations of the most different races and creeds.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

IN the debate on the question of the salaries of Irish Civil Servants, Mr. GLADSTONE claimed with some reason for himself and Mr. LOWE the credit of being the only direct representatives of the public interest. There is no doubt that the House of Commons is often more lavish or more liberal than the Government; but it may be questioned whether uncompromising resistance to all demands for increased expenditure is the best mode of securing economy. Both Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE laid great stress on the binding nature of the contract between clerks in the public offices and the State. Some of the Irish Civil Servants obtained their posts, as Mr. GLADSTONE asserted, in times when their friends wore out the knockers of official doors in their urgency to provide for relatives and friends. Mr. LOWE contended that, if the cost of living had become less, the Government would not have made a corresponding reduction of salaries; and he inferred that, having taken the chance of variation in either direction, the malcontent clerks ought to acquiesce in the bad bargain which they now find that they have made. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, referred to a motion which was once made for the reduction of salaries on the alleged ground that the cost of living had at the time been diminished; but, on the whole, Mr. LOWE was justified by ordinary practice in his assumption that the clerks would have got the benefit of increased cheapness. It is odd that neither Minister perceived that he was proving too much; because, if contracts are to be considered as conclusive, no salary of an occupant of any office can ever be increased, except for the purpose of retaining his services when he proposes to resign. The alternative of retiring from an underpaid service is scarcely ever available. It is difficult to pass into a new profession or employment; and every public servant who throws up his appointment sacrifices his future right to a pension which he might have earned. It would scarcely be possible to make a rise of pay prospective by limiting the increase to new comers, who would consequently receive either actually or proportionally a higher remuneration than that which was allowed to their seniors in office. There must evidently be some point of reduction in the value of salaries at which the most frugal Minister would find it necessary to make allowance for the increased cost of living. Mr. LOWE's general propositions afford no answer to the demand for better pay, if any case can be suggested to which they would be inapplicable. VOLTAIRE, in illustration of the parsimony of FREDERICK WILLIAM I., tells a questionable story of having given alms in the streets of the Hague to an ex-Prussian Ambassador. Even Mr. LOWE's sternness would give way to the spectacle of retired chief clerks applying for the tickets of the Mendicity Society. There is no use in insisting on the sacredness of contracts between the State and those whom it employs, if public as well as private interests are sometimes promoted by adequacy of payment. It is perfectly true that salaries ought not to rise and fall directly with the price of provisions, for a young man who enters the public service knows that he is liable to suffer by the ordinary range of prices. Nevertheless, in accepting a salary, the substance of his contract is that he shall discharge his duties in return for wages which will enable him to live with a certain degree of comfort. If, in consequence of a change in the value of money, his expectations are disappointed, the State only adheres to the spirit of the bargain by replacing him in his original position.

The argument that there are numerous candidates for vacant places is equally inconclusive, though it may fairly be taken into consideration by a Minister. The ambition for appointments in public offices is frequently founded on ignorance; nor is it possible to ascertain beforehand the quality of the candidates. Judicious employers never underpay their servants, although they might perhaps get their work done on cheaper terms. The manager of a great railway receives the salary of a Secretary of State, and the clerks and agents of wealthy merchants are far more highly paid than Civil Servants of equal qualifications. The social advantages and the certainty of the service of the State, as well as the contingent right to pension, are properly calculated as parts of the necessary remuneration; but, if official salaries are generally reduced in value through the rise of prices, the State can scarcely expect to compete with success for the services of the most highly qualified persons. If the guardians of the Treasury had relaxed from their systematic austerity, the House of Commons would have been more willing to remit the claims



of the Irish clerks to their discretion. Mr. LOWE indeed hinted at a possible readjustment of duties and of pay which would have involved the dismissal of some of the less fortunate claimants; but he still assumed that the total amount of Irish salaries was a fixed sum incapable of increase. The Commissioners who were appointed by the Government had reported in favour of a partial increase of salaries, and the Ministers might reasonably have consented to give effect to their recommendations. The vote of the House of Commons on Mr. PLUNKET's motion will probably induce the Government to redress in some degree grievances which might as well have been acknowledged in the first instance. The official Commission which has been instructed to investigate the case of the Irish clerks will almost certainly recommend some increase of pay. Mr. LOWE so far agreed with Mr. PLUNKET and the other advocates of the claims of Irish clerks as to hold that the pay for similar services ought to be as high in Ireland as in England. Mr. GLADSTONE added that the services were not in fact similar, because the greater amount of wealth and of business in England involved more laborious official duties than the simpler condition of Ireland.

In his evidence on the more general question of the cost of the Civil Service, Mr. LOWE laid unexpected stress on the importance of encouraging candidates from public schools, or, in other words, of imposing a social as well as a literary test of competence. It was, he remarked, inconvenient that public servants who are necessarily brought into contact with the educated classes should be ignorant of conventional forms or unable to aspirate their vowels. The advantages of large schools of the higher class are undoubted and numerous; but probably Mr. LOWE might have little objection to domestic training if only it were given in a refined and cultivated home. When the system of competitive examination was first devised twenty years ago, all but the fanatics of the new creed foresaw that it might have a tendency to lower the average rank of future Civil Servants. It was highly desirable to promote habits of industry, and to require a certain amount of attainment; but it was possible that the loss might preponderate over the gain if the clerks in the chief public offices ceased to be gentlemen. Mr. LOWE seems to suspect that the process of degradation has commenced, though it may be admitted that the expense of education has to some extent excluded the lower middle class from competition. It is not known that many Civil Servants are condemned by the test of the aspirate; and their general capacity is probably neither greater nor less than that of their predecessors who owed their appointments exclusively to patronage. Even if Mr. LOWE's recommendation of an increase of salary at the commencement of service is adopted, the public offices are not likely to be filled with University prizemen. The Civil Service examinations are, like races of half-bred horses, adapted to second-rate capacities. If the heads of civil and military departments at any time require the services of the ablest men of the day, they must persuade Parliament and the Government to hold out inducements which may compare with the prospects of professional ambition. It is evident that for the transaction of ordinary routine business no rare faculties are necessary. Mr. GLADSTONE acutely observed that it is impossible to give an adequate reward to extraordinary merit, because the same scale of payment would immediately be applied to the encouragement of mediocrity. The prizes of the service are few, and many of them are properly left open to external competition; but certainty of subsistence, and the contingent chance of a pension, compensate in some degree for the dulness of an unambitious career. Zealous and active officials sometimes write to the newspapers to recommend for themselves and their colleagues harder work accompanied by higher pay, and even to denounce the whole system of superannuation; but there can be no doubt that the more prudent majority understands better the conditions of the service. Even in the interest of economy, Mr. LOWE is fully justified in his desire to maintain the social character of the Civil Service. In England, if not in other countries, it is found that an occupation which confers a certain rank is sometimes chosen with but little regard to pecuniary advantage. The list of candidates for the army is crowded, notwithstanding the scanty pay of officers, and the numerous vexations in the way of shifting rules and successive examinations which official ingenuity has devised. Before the abolition of purchase, the greater number of officers received in the form of pay but a moderate interest

on the sums which they had advanced for their commissions. The clergy, having for some generations been taken from the upper middle class, still retain, notwithstanding the relative diminution of their incomes as compared with those earned in other professions, much of the social consideration which was acquired in the days of pluralities and of ecclesiastical prizes. It is not improbable that a calling which offers so little chance of profit or of distinction will hereafter fail to attract the same class which has hitherto given the Church its worldly position. The same danger will beset the Civil Service if it is systematically underpaid.

The Government has, in deference to the vote of the House of Commons, properly undertaken to consider the alleged grievances of the Irish clerks. It may therefore be assumed that Mr. GLADSTONE's rigid construction of contracts, and the severe indifference of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to the price of provisions, are for the present waived. It was fortunate for the complainants that Irish patriotism always in similar cases overpowers petty distinctions of religion or politics. Mr. DOWNING sided with Mr. PLUNKET in his effort to obtain some further contribution from the Imperial Treasury to the relief of a special class of Irish necessities. It was in vain that the Ministers suggested the ingenious fallacy that some of the underpaid clerks were probably Englishmen or Scotchmen. It was well known that the majority were Irish, nor will they grudge the participation of their alien colleagues in any boon which they may be lucky enough to obtain. The precedent of the Prussian functionaries who have lately received a large increase of pay from the most thrifty Government in Europe was not explained away by Mr. GLADSTONE's well-founded statement that Prussian salaries had been before miserably insufficient. The Prussian Government has probably not modified its established estimate of the just price of official labour; but it has found that payment in a depreciated currency was equivalent to a reduction for which there was no reasonable excuse. As Mr. GLADSTONE observed, the low rate of payment could never have been maintained, if there had been in Germany the same professional and commercial competition as in England; yet there seems to be no reason why the proportion of English and German salaries should now be altered.

#### SPAIN.

THE Spanish Cortes have for two or three weeks occupied themselves during a season of unwonted tranquillity with the ostensible business of framing a Constitution; but, before they commenced their organic labours, they adopted the far more practical course of suspending the so-called constitutional guarantees which nominally restrain the power of the Government. It was thought to be the most distinctive excellence of the last Constitution, now three years old, that it positively prohibited the irregular practices which had prevailed during the entire reign of ISABELLA. As long as there were no political enemies to terrify or to punish, the ordinary laws were more or less scrupulously respected by the Minister of the day; but many months seldom elapsed without a real or imaginary conspiracy, which was followed by the death or deportation of the ringleaders at the will of the Government. The last Constituent Cortes not unnaturally fancied that laws might be so contrived as to ensure their own execution. As a security against periodical violations of law, they solemnly enacted that the law should never again be suspended. At that time both the country and the Cortes were seriously bent on effecting national regeneration; and perhaps it was thought that public opinion would secure the maintenance of the new Constitution in spirit and in letter. Some disappointment was probably felt when PRIM and his successors found it necessary to recur to the familiar methods of suppressing resistance and maintaining authority. As often as the Carlists in the Northern provinces or the Republicans in the towns began to be troublesome, the Government always proclaimed or practically established a state of siege, instead of referring political offences to the ordinary tribunals. The normal irregularity is perhaps indispensable; nor is it possible to conduct Spanish affairs in accordance with amiable illusions; yet there were probably a few enthusiasts who hoped that the establishment of the Republic would at last harmonize the doctrines of liberty with the necessities of government. Habitual malcontents or conspirators who had at last

attained the object of their efforts forgot that they would in turn be exposed to the jealousy and to the machinations of temporarily defeated parties; nor was it easy in the moment of triumph to recognize the wide differences by which the various Republican sections were divided amongst themselves. Since the proclamation of the Republic, several little revolutions have been accomplished at the dictation of the mob of Madrid. FIGUERAS, who had never ventured to resist popular force, finally retired from office under threats of disturbance. His successor has taken courage to demand from the Cortes the necessary power of maintaining order, and for the present he has impressed the armed rabble with a salutary conviction that, if they again attempt to usurp the functions of the Government and of the Cortes, they will be summarily shot down in the streets. The inevitable progress from anarchy to despotism has seldom been more conspicuously illustrated.

One curious result of the firmness displayed by PI Y MARGALL and his colleagues is the political isolation of the dominant faction. The Moderates and the Progressists have never affected to take any part in the government of the Republic; nor are either the respectable classes or the numerical majority of the Spanish people in any way represented by the Cortes. When the Assembly first met, it was found, like other bodies of the same kind, to contain a majority and a minority, and the supporters of the Government were, by the necessities of their position, compelled to be in a certain sense Conservative. The extreme or irreconcilable Democrats, though they found themselves outnumbered, might have exercised a limited influence in Opposition, if they had not shared the intolerance which characterizes all Spanish factions. It seems never to occur to Continental Republicans that Assemblies must be ruled by majorities, and that the weaker party must be content to be outvoted. It was natural that the political allies of the mob of Madrid should object to a measure which was professedly directed against their supporters; but, on the other hand, the Cortes might reasonably assert its own independence and the supremacy of the nation which it nominally represents over the populace of a single city. The Irreconcilables were entitled to any credit which might attach to the ostensible champions of liberty, and, if they had been content to wait, they might probably have found opportunities of revenging themselves on the majority. Instead of taking advantage of their Parliamentary position to watch and to check the Government, the minority expressed their indignation at the suspension of guarantees by retiring in a body from the Assembly. As the PRIME MINISTER lately said, abstention in Spain means conspiracy, and there can be no doubt that on the first occasion the extreme democrats will conspire against the Government and the Cortes. That all the other parties are waiting the effect of divisions in the Republican ranks is not a consideration which weighs with the irreconcilable faction.

The most important article in the proposed draft of the Constitution is a power of suspending all constitutional rights to be exercised by the President. It seems that the Republicans, who have up to this time been in constant opposition to lawful authority, have during their brief tenure of office suddenly discovered that in the natural gradation of political necessities order takes precedence of freedom. The new article of the Constitution will, if it is adopted, be strictly analogous to Mr. Lowe's abortive Bank Notes Bill, which also was intended to regulate unavoidable irregularities. As it is perfectly certain that any Spanish Government which may be formed will, legally or illegally, suspend constitutional guarantees, it may be thought expedient to confer on the President a prerogative which he would certainly exercise if it were formally withheld. It seems hardly worth while to make so many revolutions for the purpose of ultimately arriving at the result of normal or periodical despotism. The future President, relieved from the necessity of breaking the law as often as a conspiracy is formed or suspected, will have more leisure to devise other occasions of exceeding or violating the Constitution; but it is perhaps unreasonable to discuss seriously the limitations of an instrument which is made to be broken and in a short time to be forgotten. The Constitution which will probably be adopted by the Cortes is not injudiciously framed on the most appropriate model. A Federal Republic naturally borrows its institutions from the United States, though the American Union was, as its name implies, a new combination of distinct elements, while Spain is about arbitrarily to split up into thirteen little States. It is proposed that, as in America,

the Lower House shall be elected by a popular vote, and that the members of the Senate shall be nominated by the provincial Legislatures. The Central Government will reserve to itself the control of the army, the coinage, and the Customs, while domestic matters will be remitted to local legislation and administration. Like the Confederate States of 1861, the Spaniards propose to improve upon the American Constitution by rendering the President incapable of re-election after a four years' term. It will not be easy to devise any practical method of removing from office a President who, with the army and perhaps the people at his back, desires to extend his term of office. O'DONNELL, NARVAEZ, or PRIM would assuredly not have voluntarily made room for an incapable or hostile successor when they had all the reins of government fairly in their grasp. An American President can always be replaced without public inconvenience, and in a country which respects its own laws usurpation after the close of a term of office is wholly impossible. A President in Spain, if he desires to command respect, will not confine himself to the duties which may be prescribed by the Constitution. Unless he has real power, he will be unable to render useful service, and personal influence which cannot be transmitted to a successor may in many cases be the sole condition of effective government.

The adjustment or division of functions between the central authority and the provincial administrations will not be satisfactorily accomplished by legislation. If the Federal Republic at any time attains a real existence, the relation of the States to the Federation will be determined by a comparison of forces, and not by the speculations of ingenious projectors. It is not improbable that the main object proposed to himself by CASTELAR, who seems to guide the deliberations of the Cortes, is to limit as far as possible the operation of the centrifugal tendencies which he nominally approves. If Spain is to remain a nation, the fundamental institutions of society cannot be made dependent on the caprice of local Assemblies, which may perhaps be controlled by clubs. In Catalonia and in Andalusia Republican doctrines are by many of their adherents identified with the abolition of the rights of property, and with all the wild theories of the International Society and the Paris Commune. The Federal Government cannot, if it would, be neutral between parties which are separated by an impassable division. In all cases those who are defeated will appeal to their countrymen, who have not ceased to be Spaniards because they have been separated by novel divisions. If the President is vested with authority to maintain order in all parts of the Republic, the rest of the Constitution possesses but secondary importance; nor, indeed, will the legislation of the present Cortes exercise any permanent influence. By this time next year there will perhaps have been three or four fresh revolutions; nor can the greatest sagacity at present determine the future relations of parties.

#### ECCLESIASTICAL APPEALS.

THE amendment introduced on the motion of Mr. HARDY into the 18th Clause of the Judicature Bill will remove an anomaly which has been a cause of well-grounded annoyance to the thinking portion of the laity, no less than to a large number of the clergy. As the clause originally stood, in order (upon Lord SELBORNE'S confession, in reply to Lord SALISBURY) that the Bill might not be overweighted, all appeals were to be referred to the Court of Final Appeal created by the Bill, "except appeals from any 'Ecclesiastical Court.'" Mr. HARDY proposed that this exception should be struck out, and that the same Court of Final Appeal should decide ecclesiastical and civil causes. The suggestion was warmly supported on both sides of the House, and cordially accepted by the Government. Some of the bishops may possibly take objections to the exclusion of their order from the final decision of ecclesiastical suits; but it may be hoped that an amendment introduced by one of the leaders of the Conservative party will be able to hold its own in the Lords against any merely professional opposition.

The objections to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a tribunal for deciding ecclesiastical appeals are twofold. In the first place, the Court is specially constituted for each trial; and, however great may be the care taken in the selection of the judges, it is impossible to keep the motive of the selection entirely above suspicion. Ecclesiastical persons can rarely be quite impartial, and they



naturally attribute to the secular authorities the bias which they feel they might be tempted to show if they were themselves charged with the duty of making a Court. It is generally a Ritualist who is the object of ecclesiastical prosecutions; and if the judges chosen happen to be High Churchmen, or Churchmen of the GALLIO order, it is at once asserted that the object of appointing them is to let the Ritualist defendant escape as easily as possible. If they happen to be Low Churchmen, a theory is at once started that the Government desires to make itself popular by getting a judicial condemnation of Ritualism. Consequently the judgment is discredited beforehand by the imputations cast upon the Court. It is impossible, so long as the Committee which is to hear the appeal is constituted in this way, but that these suspicions should arise. Religion is not a matter which is confined to the Law Courts; it is a matter on which judges may have, and may be known to have, opinions outside their legal character. When a man whose opinions are thus known is specially chosen to pronounce judgment in a case which concerns religion—which concerns probably some hotly controverted point in religion—it is useless to expect excited partisans to believe that there has been no thought as to the side which he will be likely to take when the votes of the Court come to be collected. Any one who cares to compare the opinions expressed by clergy of different schools upon the PURCHAS judgment and the BENNETT judgment may convince himself that this is true. It is clearly desirable that the impartiality of a Court of Final Appeal should be unimpeached as well as unimpeachable, and happily the habit of respecting judicial sentences is so strongly rooted in the English mind that nothing but what looks like a distinct packing of the Court to suit a special purpose would be enough to break through it. It cannot be contested that the present mode of constituting the Judicial Committee afresh for each case it has to try has enough of this aspect to make it highly expedient to substitute a permanent Court.

The second objection to the present Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases rests on the anomalous mixture of the legal and clerical elements in the judges. A Court composed entirely of lawyers would be intelligible. A Court composed entirely of bishops would be intelligible. But for a Court composed of lawyers and bishops combined there is absolutely nothing to be said. A Court composed entirely of lawyers would understand that its sole business was to affix the precise legal sense to the formularies of the Church of England in all cases where to do so was both possible and necessary. The Judicial Committee has always asserted that this is the duty with which it considers itself charged. The meaning of a rubric or an article is disputed, and the Court has to decide whether the doctrine or the ceremony impugned can be taught or practised by a clergyman of the Church of England. This is a very proper function for a lay Court to perform. Nor would it be easy for the most rigid ecclesiastic to find any fault with its being entrusted to lawyers. If the point to be ascertained were what the doctrine and ceremonies of the Church of England ought to be, it might be fairly argued that it is one which belongs to the Church herself to determine. But as a matter of fact ecclesiastical suits never turn upon this point. A doctrine might be shown to be clearly contained in the Pauline Epistles or in the writings of a dozen Fathers, but if it were not also contained in the Book of Common Prayer, it might as well have neither authority in its favour. For the particular purpose of ecclesiastical trials, a line of the Book of Common Prayer or of the Thirty-nine Articles would outweigh all the Canonical Scriptures and the whole cycle of ecclesiastical tradition. The peculiar position of the Church of England as regards the civil power explains why this should be the case. It is part of the system upon which the Church is recognized as the exponent of the established religion of the country that her coercive jurisdiction over her ministers should be in subordination to the State Courts. The question asked on an appeal to the State Courts is not whether such and such a doctrine or ceremony is orthodox or expedient; it is simply whether it is consistent with the conditions under which the clergy enjoy the privileges and exemptions which mark them off from other men. These conditions are contained in the Articles and the Prayer-Book, and the interpretation of the Articles and the Prayer-Book has consequently come to be the sole matter with which the State Courts concern themselves in dealing with ecclesiastical cases. Now a bishop has no special fitness for this particular office; indeed it is quite possible that he may be specially unfitted for it. He has

probably more or less of sympathy with some one party in the Church, and the existence of each party in the Church is involved in the affixing of a preconceived sense to certain passages in the formularies. How is a High Churchman to admit that the Prayer-Book makes against him? How is a Low Churchman to admit that the Articles make against him? The occupation of either would be gone if he once acknowledged anything so disastrous. Supposing that a lay judge were to be convinced that this or that doctrine recognized in the Prayer-Book is subversive of the "principles of the Reformation"; he can thank his stars that he is a layman, and that it is no business of his to pull the Church through the difficulty. But, supposing that a bishop were in his secret heart to arrive at the same conclusion, how could he possibly announce the fact to the world? A bishop must either declare the Church of England perfect in all essential respects or take measures of some sort to make her perfect. The former is so much the easier process of the two that it is the one he is naturally led to adopt. But if he is to declare the Church of England perfect, he must interpret her formularies in the sense affixed to them by the party to which he belongs. A High Church bishop cannot say the Church of England is all that she should be, and immediately go on to say that the Church Association are right in their reading of the Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick. An Evangelical bishop cannot say that the Church of England is all that she should be, and immediately go on to say that Mr. BENNETT is right in his reading of the Communion Service. It is impossible therefore for a bishop to enter upon an inquiry as to what is the meaning of the Prayer-Book with a perfectly unbiassed mind; and the fact that it is impossible marks out a bishop as an unfit person to be a judge in ecclesiastical causes, as ecclesiastical causes are understood in England.

A question of some nicety was raised by Mr. VERNON HARCOURT in connexion with Mr. HARDY's amendment. Mr. GLADSTONE had said that the fact that the Judicial Committee delivered its judgments collectively was entirely out of analogy with the English judicial system, and it would seem natural that, when the jurisdiction of the Privy Council is transferred to a Court framed on the model of those in which the separate opinions of the judges are publicly stated, the rules of procedure should be altered at the same time. The same objection had on previous occasions been raised by Lord SALISBURY and other critics, and is, we believe, extensively felt. Mr. HARCOURT argues that it would not be an advantage, in the case of a conflict of opinion between the judges, to have public attention drawn to the fact. It must be admitted that one great use of knowing the reasons which lead a minority of the judges to dissent from the opinion of the majority is to decide whether it is worth while to carry the case any further, and this motive of course ceases to be operative as regards a Court of Final Appeal. The defeated party in an ecclesiastical suit will gain no personal advantage from knowing that the most able members of the Court were on his side if the decision of the less able majority cannot be challenged. But the defeated suitor is not the only person who has an interest in the matter. The judges themselves gain by the knowledge that their opinions will be set side by side with those of their brethren and weighed as well as counted against them; and the fact will have its weight in any future appeal upon a similar question. If there is any taint of partiality in a judge's mind—and where religion is concerned a lay judge, though he is free from the professional bias of a bishop, is not necessarily free from personal bias—nothing will so surely correct it as the knowledge that the reasons by which he professes to be guided will have to be explained to the Bar and the press, and to be compared with the reasons assigned for the opposite opinions given by other judges. No doubt the irrevocable character of a final decision is best expressed by a judgment which is in form unanimous; but a judgment is one thing, and the means by which each member of the Court reaches it is another, while the value of a final decision may be all the greater if it expresses no more than the authority which really belongs to it.

#### JUDICIAL PEERAGES.

LORD REDESDALE's proposal of conferring life peerages on three or four legal dignitaries found few supporters in the House of Lords. By a strange oversight, Lord REDESDALE, although he is the chief repository of the tradi-

tions of the Upper House, seemed to forget that, in accordance with the WENSLEYDALE precedent, a life peer appointed by the Crown would not be allowed to take his seat among the Peers. The constitutional objection which was rightly raised and maintained by Lord LYNCHURST and his coadjutors would in no degree be removed by the Address to the Crown which was the subject of Lord REDESDALE's motion. The limits of the Prerogative can neither be restricted nor extended by the action of one or both Houses of Parliament, except in the case of some statutory provision; and it would be in the highest degree absurd to invite the QUEEN to create official peerages which would only confer on their holders a barren title and precedence. Mr. BRIGHT's protest against attempting to tinker old institutions was both discourteous in itself and unseemly on the part of a Minister of the Crown; but the friends of the House of Lords may not unprofitably consider the advice of an enemy. The leaders of the House of Lords ought to be wiser than young Fellows of colleges who spend their time in writing pamphlets to prove that the revenues which they are fortunate enough to enjoy might be better distributed. In both cases revolutionary reformers desire nothing better than to obtain an admission that the reconstruction of Universities or legislative bodies is an open question. The House of Lords would derive no harm and little good from the accession to its ranks of three more judges; but Lord REDESDALE would thenceforth be reduced to vindicate the hereditary character of the peerage only on grounds of expediency. Official peerages would be preferable to life peerages granted at the discretion of the Minister of the day, because, as Lord SALISBURY said, the necessity of requiring professional distinction would serve as a check on the natural tendency of Governments to job; but the change, though it might be comparatively innocuous, is not worth the risk of disturbing ancient foundations. The bishops sit in the House for historical reasons, with results which, except to ecclesiastical and political fanatics, seem on the whole satisfactory. Chief Justices happen not to hold territorial baronies; nor is the secular atmosphere of the House of Lords necessary to dissipate their professional prejudices, and to make them more or less men of the world. The aristocratic contempt for professional rank is oddly illustrated by the rule which imposes on the bishops the necessity of wearing in the House a ridiculous costume and of sitting on a separate bench.

The opinion of the majority both outside and inside the House of Lords inclines at present to the creation of life peers; yet the discussion on Lord RUSSELL's Bill showed that little or no practical benefit would result from the proposed change in the Constitution. The reasons which influence Lord SALISBURY's judgment are intelligible, though complex; yet it is not easy to understand how an infusion of life peers would provide the House either with energy or with additional materials for industry. Lord SALISBURY's sarcasms on the self-indulgent indolence of some of his colleagues were equally just and severe. No other function is so lavishly rewarded as that of a member of the House of Lords, though the remuneration for any services which he may render is not paid in money. It is intolerable that, in return for political influence and for social deference, a peer should grudge attendance in the House, or that it should be considered a favour to serve on public or private Committees. Impatience at the waste of time on business which would otherwise be wasted on pleasure is a proof not only of selfish frivolity but of political blindness. A statesman who excusably chafes at the restraint which his position imposes on his energy is justified in reproving the idlers and the coxcombs who shrink from the performance of easy duties. Lord MALMESBURY, though he protested against Lord SALISBURY's censures, is not himself liable to the imputation of lowering the character of the House. The lawyers, the soldiers, and the politicians who might be selected as life peers would certainly not be careless triflers; but the House of Lords already contains many men of business, and a fair proportion of statesmen. Lord GREY, with true aristocratic instinct, suggested that, if Governments could create peers for life, they would perhaps be more chary in the distribution of hereditary honours. It was impossible to express more plainly the indisposition of the actual peers to recognize the equality of intruders who would be regarded as temporary assessors. The novel dignity would not be regarded as one of the highest prizes of ambition. It may be confidently asserted that, if Lord SALISBURY had not happened to be an hereditary peer, he

would greatly prefer a seat in the House of Commons to a peerage for life. It would be an affront to the owner of an ample fortune to offer him a life peerage; and a rank only bestowed on persons in narrow circumstances would be liable to disparagement.

The WENSLEYDALE decision has fortunately rendered it impossible for the House of Lords to try rash experiments without the concurrence of the House of Commons, and the more prudent peers will not be in a hurry to submit their constitution and privileges to a discussion which might not improbably be hostile. A curious case which is now pending may possibly throw further light on the extent of the Royal prerogative with respect to the creation of peerages. It is generally thought that the Crown has the power of imposing any limitations on the succession; but a peerage which shifts from the elder brother on his elevation to a higher rank to the younger is a remarkable novelty. The House of Lords will decide, under the guidance of the Law Lords, whether a peer who has been admitted to take his seat can during his lifetime be deprived of a barony in such a manner as to enable his successor to sit and vote. The peerage first conferred on Lord WENSLEYDALE was in one respect a more serious innovation than the BUCKHURST patent, because there was no limitation to heirs. On the other hand, a transfer of a peerage from one holder to another seems to be a greater anomaly. If the claimant is admitted to a seat, it may be plausibly contended that a limitation, not to heirs, but to official successors, would be equally within the power of the Crown. Lord REDESDALE's scheme, indeed, included the further innovation of allowing the incumbent of any of the offices which were to confer a peerage to retain his rank and his seat for life after his retirement. Bishops who have resigned their sees are, for all but titular purposes, relegated into the condition of commoners; and even during their tenure of their offices they transmit no reflected dignity to their wives and children. Distinctions of this kind are to a great extent accidental, and they are tenable because they involve no semblance of principle, although they generally admit of historical explanation. Deliberate attempts to pour new wine into old bottles are liable to failure, not because they are necessarily indefensible, but because a dozen alternatives would be equally plausible. Extreme believers in the efficacy of competitive examinations would not be unwilling to apply their favourite device to the selection both of peers and of members of the House of Commons. Less extravagant projectors of reforms, though their proposals are not equally absurd, are nevertheless merely theorists.

It is possible that the results of the Judicature Bill may at some future time render it desirable to provide for the creation of a sufficient number of legal peerages. As the duties hitherto discharged by the Law Lords will be transferred to the Court of Final Appeal, the necessity of ennobling a certain number of eminent lawyers may perhaps become less apparent; yet it would be a cause for regret if the House were deprived of legal assistance in legislation because it will no longer exercise judicial functions. The House of Commons has been in the habit of paying much deference to the decisions of the House of Lords on questions of legal reform, because it generally happens that the House of Lords includes several of the greatest lawyers of the day. If for any reason Chancellors ceased to be peers, and if no other judges were raised to the peerage, it might be expedient to restore them to the House of Lords in a new capacity. A Chancellor who was a peer for life would hold an inferior position in the House of Lords, but he would be more highly esteemed than a life peer who might owe his position to personal interest or to the caprice of a Minister. It is not impossible that more sweeping constitutional changes may in the course of time render the whole controversy superfluous. There are many other possible modes of appointing a second legislative body besides the English hereditary system; and the only defect which has been found in modified copies of the English Constitution is that Legislative Councils are elsewhere, with few exceptions, utterly powerless. The House of Lords is a cause and a consequence of the aristocratic organization of English society; and it derives the power which it still retains from its peculiar composition. All discussions on life peerages imply a preponderance of hereditary peers, which again would reduce the life peers to comparative insignificance. If the system is to be modified, it would perhaps be more judicious to attach peerages to offices than to make the new dignity



into a badge of second-class merit. The innovation will probably be introduced, and perhaps it will produce no bad result; but the hope that the House of Lords will derive strength from the admixture seems wholly chimerical.

#### THE BOMBAY NATIVE PRESS.

THE Government of Bombay treats the Native press in a manner which does the highest credit to it as a paternal and despotic power. It does not interfere with the humble organs of local opinion, or bully the editors or writers, or put in force any of those systems of censorship which, under different forms, seem to have so perpetual a fascination for the Governments of Continental nations. It merely makes what use of native journals it can for its own instruction and guidance. A native official is appointed who translates every week into English all that he can find in fifty native papers which can edify the Government, and especially all complaints which are made against it and its officials. These translated extracts are printed in the shape of a weekly Report, and thus the Government knows what its subjects think, wish for, or resent, so far as the native press is an adequate and faithful representative of their opinions and feelings. The result is a very curious repertory of materials, which must seem of a routine and hackneyed character to men long familiar with India, but which to an English reader have the interest that attaches to everything that reveals the minutiae of foreign life. At this distance it is only very general and very vague information about India that most of us are likely to possess; and the natives are mere names and shades to us; whereas these Reports give us something like a Dutch picture of at least one side of native existence. Three numbers of the Reports taken at hazard, being those for the 19th of April and the 3rd and 10th of May last, will suffice to show the sort of things which the native press says, and which are collected by the Government for its own benefit. On the whole, the tone of criticism is friendly to the Government, either from policy or genuine conviction; and although there are occasional bursts of protesting and indignation, it is always assumed that the Government would do right if it were but better instructed. One paper complains loudly of the mode in which the Lushai expedition was conducted, and states that in the vengeance wreaked on the Lushais no distinction was made between the refractory and the innocent villages, and that "wherever the British force appeared there it committed 'havoc by sword and flame';" but then it goes on to hope that the enlightened, humane, and Christian Indian Government will keep its hand unsoiled by such crying iniquities for the future. Another paper is moved to wrath at the fact, for which it vouches, that Englishmen had lately been killing pigs in a sacred place; but it admits that any one who did not very well understand native usages might have failed to understand that it was a sacred place. Where a complaint is to be made there appears to be no shyness about making it. An instance is given where an invalid appealed against a sentence condemning him to six months of simple confinement, and got his sentence altered by the Appellate Judge into rigorous imprisonment for five months; a mode of treating the case which, it is ironically suggested, will probably lead to a great saving of public money, as, if this is the way applicants are treated, no one will appeal, and so the Appellate Courts may be shut up. When, however, the remonstrances of the press have been, or are supposed to have been, attended to, a warm recognition of this attention is made, and a paper which had busied itself with invectives against the Small Causes Courts is filled with grateful delight at being able to state that the Government has directed a formal inquiry to be made as to the working of those Courts. So far indeed is the native press from ignoring what it finds good, that one of the most enthusiastic pieces of writing in the Reports is devoted to an appeal to the natives generally not to let the occasion of the abolition of the Income-tax pass by without a unanimous expression of opinion on the part of all the natives of India, which shall adequately convey to "the good VICEROY" how much is felt to be due to him for his wise, generous, and courageous measure.

The subjects on which comments are made are at once very miscellaneous and very small. The natives seem to think that in the English Government they possess a friendly and superior sort of elephant, who is well known to

be able to tear up forests, but whose principal business is to pick up pins. One zealous adviser comes forward to give notice that some old buildings he knows of are not quite safe, and "if the authorities do not get them pulled down, their sudden fall may destroy many human lives." Another suggests that the operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts should be extended to private families, and although he frankly owns that he is "aware of the insuperable difficulties and dangers of carrying out his suggestion," yet he thinks the Government ought to have the benefit of knowing his views on the subject. Very little indeed in the way of facts to go upon suffices to start the pen of these ready writers. One journalist has heard some complaints against a contractor who has undertaken to keep a ferry-boat going on a river, and requests the attention of the sub-magistrate to this vague rumour. Another writer does not find his letters come to hand punctually, and imagining that the reason must be that the letter-carrier belongs to the district, and so has a home to go to, in which he mischievously stays, suggests that the carrier shall be transferred, and another carrier appointed, who, being a total stranger, will have no domestic attractions to prevent his walking about without intermission. Bad roads are a very frequent cause of complaint, and indeed, if it be true that one of the roads out of Poona is full of small pits, it is not to be wondered at that "passengers experience much pain from its uneven condition." The schools, too, are a favourite topic of criticism, and it must not be supposed that natives have any wish to spare natives, or to conceal their misdoings or shortcomings. The schoolmasters generally are stated in one paper to be very bad, and to be subject to no inspection; the Government is blamed for this, and asked to be more vigilant, although what is requested must be acknowledged to be kept within modest limits, when we find that the Government is merely called on to "remove from their offices schoolmasters who are hopelessly irreclaimable." Certainly there seems room for some alteration in the conduct of schools, if scenes are at all common such as that described by a writer who relates that "a grown-up boy was suspected of a theft, and one of the assistant-masters accused the boy of the above crime, at the same time calling him an ass, and dealing him a blow, which 'the accused and insulted boy returned.'" Native magistrates and officials again are not unfrequently assailed, and one special charge is made against a sort of Government bailiff, who, finding that a private creditor had placed an attachment on property from which the Government was looking for dues, immediately prosecuted the private creditor for theft, and a stupid magistrate actually sentenced him to fine and imprisonment, not seeing, as the acute journalist sees in a moment, that the whole accusation was invented by the bailiff to get his rival out of the way. It may be interesting, too, to those who watch with some apprehension the introduction into India of novelties not even adequately tested in England, that a native paper records that the great invention of competitive examination was suddenly applied in Surat, and broke down completely. A vacancy having occurred in a clerkship in a District Court, and there being about sixty applicants, it was resolved to dispose of the place by a competitive examination. Most of the candidates were "matriculated young men," but the examination, though very simple, was too much for them, and the indignant journalist pronounces the result "disgraceful to the matriculated students, and to the University which has matriculated them."

But the two great themes of hostile declamation are not of quite so minute a character. What the Government is more particularly called on to notice is the inefficiency of the police, and the abuses that are tolerated in the administration of small native States. One paper complains that a certain police-station is shut during the day, and no policeman is to be found there. It happened that not long ago a sudden fight was got up, but no policeman was in the neighbourhood. Anxious defenders of order sped to the next station, but with the same sad result. There, too, no policeman was forthcoming. A writer in another paper observes that it is a usual occurrence for policemen to absent themselves from their posts while assaults are being committed; and he notices as a circumstance unfavourable to the reputation of the police, that notoriously as soon as it is evident a crime is going to be committed, the guardians of the public safety disappear, just as if they had been paid for their connivance.

But the malevolence of the police goes further than mere passive acquiescence in crime. Policemen are stated to have a most unpleasant habit of throwing a complainant into utter confusion, either by expressing their total disbelief in his story, or by politely insinuating their conviction that, if the crime has been committed at all, the real culprit is the wife or the child, or some other member of the complainant's family; so that if he persists in his accusation, the next step must be the arrest of some one whose arrest would give him the greatest possible pain. Even policemen, however, do not appear to awaken so deep an indignation as misbehaving native chiefs. What, for example, it is asked, could be more monstrous than the conduct of a petty chief, who not only taxes pilgrims as if they were householders, but actually charges for each room the pilgrims occupy as if it were a separate house? Then there is a misdoer called the Jám, who has done something unsatisfactory, and whose conduct gives rise to a fine Benthamite sentiment:—"The ease and pleasure of one ought to have no regard whatever when it is opposed to the happiness of the many; and if the Government recognizes this sentiment, it ought not to hesitate to exercise even some severity on the Jám." There is an even worse miscreant, called the Gáikwád, whose behaviour is such that "beautiful women of Baroda curse their personal charms, and try to hide them as soon as possible." The native press does not at all mince matters. It thinks that the Government can do everything that is good, and ought to do it. All that is necessary is that the Government should understand that the police are bribed, and that the petty chiefs are petty villains. The sum and substance of all these complaints is that a paternal Government, whose good intentions and whose power are beyond dispute, must be shown what is really going on, and then all will be well. It is scarcely possible that a greater tribute than this to the substantial merits of British rule should be paid by those who assume to speak on behalf of the millions who are ruled.

#### THE EDUCATION DIFFICULTY.

**J**ULY is a month of evil omen for Bills which have not passed their second reading, and the Education Act Amendment Bill has enemies who will not be behindhand in making the most of the advantage offered by the lateness of its introduction. A good deal of pressure will be put upon the Government to withdraw, if not the Bill, at all events the controverted 3rd Clause. The Education League have apparently determined to accept the fact of their weakness in the present House of Commons, and to fix their hopes on that coming day when, having broken up the Liberal party and sent the present Cabinet about their business, Mr. DIXON and Mr. RICHARD will set about forming a Government. Still, though present defeats may be only the prelude to future victories, they are for the moment not joyous, but grievous; and the Dissenters have had so many of them that they may be forgiven if they wince a little at the very thought of going to a division. Besides, to be obliged to withdraw the Bill would perhaps be even more annoying to Mr. FORSTER than to be beaten on it, and for the last year or two to annoy Mr. FORSTER has constituted the Whole Duty of Dissenters. A good number of Conservatives would also like to see the Bill withdrawn, because in this way a certain undefined discredit would be inflicted on the Government without the Conservatives being saddled with the responsibility of helping to throw out a measure of educational extension. For some reason best known to itself the *Times* would not be sorry if the Bill were out of the way; and the *Daily News* has already urged Mr. FORSTER to reduce it to that colourless sort of affair which the *Daily News* could support without either enraging its Dissenting subscribers or having a finger in the disruption of the Liberal party.

We sincerely hope that the Government will be strong enough to resist these solicitations, prompted as they all will be by latent enmity in one form or another; and we appeal to those on both sides of the House of Commons who really value education to give it their best assistance in so doing. The clause which Mr. FORSTER is asked to withdraw does three things. In the first place, it extends compulsory education to some two hundred thousand children of the class for which compulsory education is especially necessary. The child of an outdoor pauper is of all children

perhaps the least likely to be voluntarily sent to school. His parents are so poor that they can neither find the money for the school fee nor forego the money which the child may earn by selling matches or turning somersaults. Again, the child of an outdoor pauper is bred up amid all the lounging, shambling associations which cling round pauperism, and the only chance of supplanting them by better associations is to be found in his being sent to school. Consequently, compulsion is especially necessary for him both because he will never get to school without it, and because away from school he will get no education except in vice, or in the shiftlessness which is usually the precursor of vice. If the Education Act Amendment Bill passes with the 3rd Clause uninjured, this compulsion will be effectively applied. The Guardians will have no power to give relief out of the workhouse to any parent who does not provide elementary education in reading, writing, and arithmetic for such of his children as are between five and thirteen years of age; and, if any further relief is necessary to enable the parent to provide such education, the Guardians will be bound to give it. When the numbers and character of the class affected by this regulation are taken into account, it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the change in the law. It will get at least two hundred thousand children to school, and these the very children to whom school will do most good, and who, without such a change in the law, are the most certain not to be sent to school. A man professing to be a friend to popular education who, for party reasons, allows a Bill containing this clause to be shelved and defeated had better keep his professions to himself for the future.

Secondly, the 3rd Clause of the Bill does away with the system under which the School Board can, if it chooses, pauperize the poor of its district by taking for granted that they are unable to give their children the minimum of education which the law prescribes. Happily the dislike to a very high education rate operates in most cases as a check upon this most mischievous process. To give free education to the children of every man who thinks it pleasanter to spend his money in an extra glass of beer or an extra screw of tobacco than in the payment of school fees is necessarily a costly process, and economy consequently averts the mischief which uncalculating philanthropy is ready to inflict. But in some cases, as notably in Manchester, uncalculating philanthropy has carried its point, and the result is that the School Board sees inability to pay the school fee where less enthusiastic persons would only see indisposition. Administered in this way, a bylaw for enforcing school attendance becomes a system of free education of the worst kind. If all elementary schools were free, it might be argued that the expense of providing schools was rightly distributed over the whole community, because in one way or another the whole community profits by their being provided. But when inability to pay for a child's schooling is made the ground for giving free education, there is the same necessity for caution in determining what constitutes inability as there is in the corresponding case of inability to pay for a child's food. There can hardly be a doubt that, if the circumstances of the four thousand children now on the rates in Manchester were closely inquired into, the parents of the majority of them would turn out to be perfectly capable of paying the school fees, though not perhaps without some self-denial. If the Education Act is to be made an excuse for releasing parents from the obligation of denying themselves for the good of their children, the evils of the training it will give to adults will go far to counterbalance the value of the training it secures to children. The only possible way in which this evil can be prevented is by handing over the administration of educational as well as all other relief to the Guardians of the poor. The power of granting this sort of relief must be vested in some one, because if it were withheld altogether the application of compulsion would become impossible. You cannot punish men for not compassing impossibilities, and if a parent, on being ordered to send his child to school, could truly plead that he had no money to pay the fee demanded by the managers, the severest magistrate would find himself powerless. It is impossible, again, to limit relief to the remission of fees at a School Board school, both because the Church of England—which is still as powerful as all the other denominations put together—would not endure the slight thus put upon schools provided by the voluntary efforts of its members, and because the ratepayers would not endure the burden which the obligation to provide



School Board schools in every parish would necessarily throw upon them. Thus, by an exhaustive process, we arrive at the conclusion that the power of paying school fees must be retained, and that it must be vested in an authority which really knows the circumstances of those who apply for relief. The Guardians are the only body who answer to this description, and as such they are rightly substituted for the School Boards in the 3rd Clause of the Bill. Those who do not wish to see the problem of pauperism needlessly made more complicated than it is will do their best to carry the Bill through.

It cannot be contended for this 3rd Clause that it disposes of the religious difficulty. But it makes the religious difficulty less prominent. Under the 25th Clause of the Education Act each School Board is left free to choose whether it will pay the fees in voluntary schools or not. If it decides that it will pay them, it probably does so after a debate, and probably a division, which operates as a sort of challenge to public attention. After this challenge has been given, another authority has to be asked to pay the school rate; and here, though the experience of the Birmingham School Board will probably prevent matters from being again pushed to the extremity of actual refusal, there will still be an opportunity for further discussion, and for threats of violent action which in their influence upon the peaceful prosecution of the work of education may be almost as mischievous as violent action itself. Under the 3rd Clause of the Bill public attention will not be specially called to the question. There will be no room for debate amongst the Guardians whether a man who has truly pleaded inability to pay for his child's schooling shall have 2½d. a week given him for the purpose, for the law will leave them no choice in the matter. There will be no means of discriminating the infinitesimal fraction of the Poor-rate which is spent in this way from the rest of the charge, and a refusal to pay any part of the Poor-rate will cause such extreme inconvenience to the Guardians that they may be trusted not to show it any mercy. The result of all this will be that educational relief will be given where necessary with little or none of that irritation which now occasionally attends the process, and though the Education League may have the power to break up the Liberal party, they will not have the power, as under the 25th Clause of the Education Act it is possible they may yet have, to bring educational progress to a stand. This is the third reason why all true friends of education should use their best and most united efforts to get the Bill made law.

#### CHOLERA AND THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

MR. SIMON'S warning trumpet has again been blown to a people not, it is to be feared, very much better prepared against the enemy than when its attack was last imminent. Cholera has in some respects become more formidable in proportion as it has become less mysterious. When it was supposed to come and go as it listed, we were at all events ignorant of the danger until the disease had actually appeared. Now it is known that wherever there are certain well-understood forms of sanitary neglect, there cholera, if it comes, will find a mansion ready prepared for it. Mr. SIMON'S instructions contain nothing that is not familiar to sanitary students. The disease, he reminds us, is not likely to spread "unless in proportion as it finds locally open to it certain facilities for spreading by indirect infection." "The great sources of danger are the discharges of choleraic patients. Wherever these are thrown without disinfection into any cesspool or drain, they communicate the poison to all the matters that they find there." If this were all, the danger would not be very great; for, though the effluvia evolved by the matter thus infected is probably itself infectious, the great source of mischief is drinking water; so that, if this were kept pure, there would not be much chance of the disease spreading. But "if by leakage or soakage from cesspools or drains, or through reckless casting out of slops and wash-water, any taint, however small, of the infective material gets access to wells or other sources of drinking-water, it imparts to enormous volumes of water the power of propagating the disease. . . . Even a single case of cholera, perhaps of the slightest degree, and perhaps quite unsuspected in its neighbourhood, may, if

"local circumstances co-operate, exercise a terribly infective power on considerable masses of population." Wherever there is any leakage or filtration from sewers or cesspools into springs, streams, wells, or reservoirs, cholera, should it come accidentally into the district, will have the greatest possible inducement to remain in it. This is the precise assemblage of conditions which it most loves.

In an appendix to the Second Report of the Local Government Board there is a tabular statement which is of remarkable interest in connexion with this subject. It contains a summary of the Reports sent in by the Local Government Inspectors in eighty-one cases as to which inquiries were directed during the year 1872. We propose, even at the risk of wearying our readers by repetition, to describe some of those cases in which the conditions above mentioned were found to be present. At Abingdon the Report is, "Water supply mostly from surface wells in porous soil soaked with excremental and other filth." At Andover the water supply is obtained from wells "many of which are exposed to excremental pollution." At Bingham the surface soil is "saturated with excremental filth." At Bruton both soil and water are "polluted with sewage." At Bruton Latimer the water supply is "obtained from wells polluted by soakage from privies and cesspools." At Chatterley the water supply is "insufficient and polluted." At Ecton the wells are "polluted by soakage from privies and pigstyes." At Great Milton the water supply is "liable to contamination from excremental and other filth." At Hawkesbury Upton there is "sewage habitually soaking into wells." At Hersham the water comes from "wells polluted by soakage from privies and cesspools." At Hucknall Torkard the water is obtained from wells "which are in a porous soil and liable to pollution from privies and surface drainage." At Huddersfield some of the water supplies are "largely polluted with sewage." At Leigh polluted water is used "from wells close to drains, privies, and middens." At Monmouth the river is "polluted by sewage" and river water is supplied by the Company unfiltered. At Nunney the water supply is "obtained chiefly from a brook largely polluted by sewage." At Olney the soil round the well is "sodden with soakage from privies." At Porchester the water supply "is obtained from shallow wells into which the sewage soaks." At Rotherham "air, soil, and water are polluted with sewage." At Swanage "nearly all the inhabitants drink water exposed to pollution by sewage." At Swinton there is "soakage of excremental filth into the wells." At Tunstall the water supply is partly "drained from wells liable to pollution," and in another part of the district is "in part polluted from cesspools, privies, and pigstyes." At Wath the "water supplied by Company is contaminated by sewage and other filth." At West Auckland the wells are "contaminated by surface drainage." At Whitechurch water is "obtained from wells sunk in porous soil, saturated with sewage." At Urncantton the water is supplied from a polluted reservoir. At Bucknall, Chittlehampton, Clifton, Reynes, Emberton, Knutton, Llanelly, Melborne Port, New Hincksey, Pool's Dam, Radford, Seabridge, Tre-wolda, Wellington, the water "is polluted." It must be borne in mind that these inquiries were instituted, so to speak, accidentally, because of some special outbreak of disease in the neighbourhood. Probably a more systematic investigation would disclose hundreds or thousands of cases of the same kind. In fact, to drink water polluted by sewage is the normal condition of an Englishman, except in some few large towns where unusual pains have been taken to obtain water from a pure source, and to protect it against pollution on the way from the source to the houses. In every one of these hundreds or thousands of cases cholera can require no more favourable conditions than those which years of neglect, or partial and unintelligent improvement, have succeeded in creating.

The Local Government Board say significantly that the matters to which these inquiries related were usually of a sort in relation to which the local authorities have definite statutory powers and obligations, and they point to the Inspector's Reports as containing materials on which a judgment may be formed as to the extent to which these powers had been exercised and these obligations fulfilled. What the judgment so formed will be it is hardly necessary to say. There has in every instance been absolute default. It may be conceded, however, that, though the local authorities have had definite statutory powers and obligations, there had been down to the time when these inquiries were

undertaken considerable confusion and uncertainty as to who the authority was. The legislation of last year has put an end to this state of things, and in every district there is now one sanitary authority and one only. Consequently in every one of the places the condition of which has been described, there is a body of officials who have the power to remedy the evils in question, and who are bound by law to use their powers. It is just possible that an outbreak of cholera this autumn might frighten them into doing their duty without further delay. But, assuming that cholera keeps away for another year, it is safe to assume that the great majority of the places mentioned and of those not mentioned in which the sanitary conditions are identical will be no better off twelve months hence than they are to-day or were twelve months ago. The same indifference to the commonest laws of health which has prevailed hitherto will continue to prevail, and it will probably be confirmed and strengthened by unwillingness to do anything that will increase the local rates. Though sanitary improvements are economical in the long run—as the Guardians who have to support the orphans of the poor who have died from cholera occasionally find—they are costly in the first instance, and the ridiculous policy of refusing to make improvements which it is admitted ought to be paid for either out of the taxes or out of the rates, until it has been settled out of which of the two funds they are to come, which has lately been aired in the House of Commons, is too thoroughly parochial in its tone not to besure of adoption in the country. The really important thing to know is not what the local authorities will do but what the central authorities will do. The matters to which these inquiries related are of a class in relation to which the Local Government Board, equally with the local authorities, has definite statutory powers and obligations. It has at its disposal certain means of compelling the local authorities to do their duty or to submit to having it done for them at their own expense. The corresponding tabular statement which will appear in the Report of 1873 ought to contain another column giving the action of the central authority in all cases in which the local authority has failed in its duty. It may be that the powers of the Local Government Board will turn out to be insufficient for purposes of coercion; but even a well-founded suspicion of this fact will not be a sufficient ground for inaction. Until the experiment has been tried on an adequate scale, it is impossible to say with certainty whether the existing law has or has not given the central authority a weapon of sufficient keenness to penetrate the mass of ignorant and interested opposition against which it has to contend.

#### MR. GLADSTONE TURNS THE OTHER CHEEK.

IT was said of an eminent man who was remarkable for his blandness and courtesy that, if by any accident he chanced to give offence, it was really quite a treat for the person offended, so sweet and soothing were the apologies which were applied to salve the wound. Strange things happen from time to time, and perhaps nothing stranger has happened for a long time than that the recollection of this courtly person should be suggested by anything that Mr. GLADSTONE might say or do. It is certainly startling to think of Mr. GLADSTONE in this connexion, but that only makes it the more delightful. If anybody was disposed to lament the odd sort of bungling by which the Government wantonly brought about a danger of collision on a question of privilege between the two Houses of Parliament, he would now be almost tempted to regret that these things do not occur more frequently, in order that we might become accustomed to Mr. GLADSTONE in the sweet and engaging character in which he has just presented himself. It is impossible to conceive how such a question as that relating to the Scotch and Irish appeals should have in the first instance failed to receive the serious attention of the Ministry, and it is even more difficult to understand how, if they had given two thoughts to the subject, they should have come to a decision one day which the next day, on the impulse of a moment, they were ready to cast adrift. It appears to be unnecessary to discuss the question whether the House of Commons has or has not a constitutional right to legislate on matters affecting the House of Lords. The Parliamentary history of our country shows clearly enough that questions of constitutional privilege have usually been determined by the balance of power between the bodies concerned. If, by perverse and

persistent mismanagement on the part of the Government, a conflict had in the present instance actually arisen between the two branches of the Legislature, all that the House of Lords could have done would have been to go on rejecting the obnoxious measure; and all that the House of Commons could have done would have been to go on sending it back to the House of Lords year after year, until one or other of the disputants got tired of an irritating and undignified quarrel. That there should have been even a momentary danger of such a conflict is sufficient to justify grave censure on the Government. There can be no doubt that in recent times the House of Lords has occasionally submitted on the initiative of the House of Commons to legislation affecting itself, which it would most assuredly have resented and rejected at another period of its history; and it is impossible to say what it might not now submit to if the Lower House were sufficiently resolute and persistent, and if it had the support of the constituencies at its back. Even if we were to admit the force of Mr. GLADSTONE's precedents as applicable to the present occasion, that would not in the least affect our opinion of the mischievous muddling by which, without the slightest necessity, and out of pure wantonness and levity, the Government has rendered such a crisis imminent even for an instant.

However, apparently the clouds have rolled away, and we are basking in cheerful sunshine. After the novel and pleasing exhibition of Thursday evening, we are tempted to say that all is well that ends well. Mr. GLADSTONE's pretty epilogue was all the more agreeable because it was rather unexpected. It is not every day that Mr. GLADSTONE appears under the influence of a "constitutional and prudential spirit." This was the soft, sweet opening note of his discourse, and it was delightfully maintained throughout. He himself gracefully described the performance as "an act of courtesy and consideration," and the phrase may perhaps be thought by light-minded people to recall the "acts" of another sphere which delighted their early days. Everybody must recollect the startling transition when MARS or VULCAN at full spin round the circus suddenly flung off his characteristic habiliments in order to witch the audience as a smiling and seductive APOLLO. Mr. GLADSTONE, while "most respectfully" doubting the soundness of the view which some members of the House of Lords were understood to have taken of the privileges of that Assembly, offered to alter the Bill to meet their wishes. The Court of Appeal will be fitted up with accommodation for a sufficient number of judges to deal with Scotch and Irish as well as with English appeals; but it will be left to the House of Lords, on its own initiative, to surrender the remnant of jurisdiction which it has preserved to the new body. If the House of Lords had been an American Ministry, Mr. GLADSTONE could scarcely have made a more meekly abject surrender of what, in his own opinion, are the undoubted rights of the body he represents. It is natural to wonder what has been the cause of this startling change in the mien and manners of the head of the Government; and, in seeking for an explanation, it is impossible not to be struck by the contrast which is presented by the austere arrogance of a few years since and the honeyed meekness of to-day. Coincident with this transition may be observed a significant decline in Mr. GLADSTONE's authority. At least once a week the Government is defeated by its own supporters; and the Opposition has been angrily attacked for not attending in the House of Commons in sufficient numbers to defend the Ministers from the assaults of their friends. Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity. Conscientious Liberals will of course be anxious that the greatest Liberal Minister of modern times should have a powerful majority at the next election; only the moralist will reflect with a sigh on the deteriorating influence which a brilliant electioneering success would too probably exercise on Mr. GLADSTONE's character. It may be feared that a little prosperity would undo all the good that has been brought about by a series of salutary humiliations, and in place of the servant of servants, we shall see again the haughty and uncompromising political dictator of five years ago.

#### WASTED INTELLECTS.

AFTER a certain period of life it becomes a very interesting study for anybody who has been educated at a large school or University to look back upon the promising friends of his youth, to observe which of them have fulfilled and which have falsified the



anticipations of their contemporaries, and to endeavour to detect the secret of their career. In most cases the result is rather melancholy. There are few men whose biographers will be able to record with truth that from boyhood to old age they were recognized as born leaders of thought or action. Biographers, indeed, frequently make some such assertion; but then biography, like history, is but too often an account of what might have happened rather than of what actually happened. It would be difficult to say whether we should receive with most incredulity the statement that a man showed unmistakable genius from his cradle, or the statement that the future genius began life as a dunce. As a rule, we are perhaps entitled to presume that unusual intellectual power gives symptoms from which its existence might have been inferred even at a very early age; but the question whether it was actually inferred is a very different one. If the biographer relies upon the testimony of his hero's mother, or of the hero himself, he will usually find grounds for asserting that even the dullest of mankind gave high promise; but maternal or self-regarding judgments are of small value at the time, and that value becomes infinitesimal when they are coloured by subsequent events. When, on the other hand, the judgment comes from the schoolmaster of the genius, it generally takes the opposite form. A schoolmaster is apt to be a timid animal. He does not like to pledge himself to the future eminence of a promising lad, for he knows how often such guesses fail to be verified, and of course he is inclined to condemn the vigorous plant which will not develop after the normal standard. What he has not seen cannot have existed, and the genius not revealed to the pedagogue must really have been a dunce in early life. The judgment of independent contemporaries is the hardest to obtain, but one might expect that it would be the most trustworthy. A boy's schoolfellows are tolerably impartial observers, and they are not guided by so exclusive a standard as his teachers, whilst at the University it is probable that whatever intellect he possesses will have begun to show itself.

Yet when we test the value of those early verdicts by comparison with actual results we shall probably find a very wide discrepancy. We think of some youth who was the delight of all his teachers, whose exploits at solving problems or writing Latin verses still furnish a traditional standard of success, and are fondly described by examiners indulging in professional gossip. We had fancied that the possessor of such brilliant talents had only to signify his choice of the see or the place in the Cabinet which he would prefer. Nothing has happened to him; he has not broken down from ill health, or taken to immoral courses, or been unfairly weighted in the battle of life. And yet somehow he has failed to make any mark in the world. He has sunk into a commonplace respectable parson or lawyer, and been hopelessly passed by men who never astonished an examiner in their lives. Competitive examination, we may perhaps say, does not provide a sufficient test for genius; it levels the man of original power with the man who is a mere channel for the transmission of cut and dried knowledge. We have made the common mistake of confounding mere facility with power, and supposed that a man must be a great teacher because he was admirably docile. Moralists are fond of telling us that a habit of obedience is the best qualification for command. This doctrine may be true; or, like most such doctrines, may contain a half-truth; but certainly it does not seem to apply in the sphere of intellect. Rather, we should say that the ruler of later life is made out of the youthful rebel. Our greatest thinkers have first shown their power by kicking against established rules; and we are therefore looking in the wrong place when we seek for great intellectual power amongst those who have accommodated themselves most easily to the recognized tests of merit. If, however, we go further, we do not always make more satisfactory discoveries. Our memory recalls young men who showed their independence of mind by plunging into some pursuit not recognized in the narrow rules of our old system of education. They declined to master the Latin grammar, but they wrote what they took to be poetry, and we fancied that we recognized the Shelley or Byron of the coming age. Scarcely any modern poet of eminence has won high academical honours; and it is quite in accordance with precedent that the great singer of the future should be something of a *mauvais sujet* in his earlier years. And yet our private Shelley has not become a cosmopolitan Shelley. His verse-writing has sunk from being the aspiration of a great soul to be merely the elegant accomplishment of a cultivated gentleman; and he contents himself, according to the established formula, with being a moderately good critic instead of a creator. Or, again, we remember rash youths who muddled their immature brains in the labyrinth of metaphysical inquiry; and who have not yet given any final solution to the problems round which philosophers have been vainly gyrating for the last few thousand years. Or else our youthful genius felt himself born to command the applause of listening senates, and began his operations by denouncing things in general to the mimic parliament of the Union. He is not, however, able to read his history in a nation's eyes. Doubtless he had in some sense a great facility for stringing words together; and we need not go beyond the present Parliament to show that many such orators have succeeded in later life in astonishing a wider circle than that which listened to their first youthful eloquence. But not unfrequently we may hear the orator of our youth acting as dinner-bell to the House of Commons, or plodding contentedly through the ordinary round of pulpit commonplaces, and eschewing any flight

into the regions of passion or imagination as scrupulously as though liveliness were a deadly sin.

You will find, it has been said, in reading the biography of any great man, that he was acquainted with some one who appeared at the time to be greater than himself. Either the great man was generous enough to clothe his friend with his own imagination; or the friend, though really admirable, was a failure through some incidental cause. It may be doubtful which is the commoner cause of the disappointments which are undoubtedly numerous. The original judgment is of course constantly erroneous. People are apt to form a very inaccurate estimate of the qualities which are really most conducive to success, and, especially in early life, to overvalue pure intellectual capacity as compared with the force necessary to set it in action. The path to such success as can be obtained in our school days is free from many of the obstacles which overpower a man's energy in the rough uphill struggle of later life. Gray's contemporaries were right when they said that he was potentially a poet of a very high order. And yet the excessive delicacy of his temperament made him the least productive of all considerable poets; and, if it had been very slightly increased, might have entirely choked the productive impulse. He succeeded, and only just succeeded, in squeezing out a few lines which are amongst the most perfect in our literature. With his wide reading and exquisite taste, he might have produced other writings of permanent excellence. Enough was fortunately executed to give us some measure of his power; with a little less fastidiousness he might have produced far greater results; and with a little more, the spark which was so nearly quenched might have been altogether extinguished. A trifling excess, that is, in one of the ingredients in his composition might have reduced him to be mute and inglorious, though a considerable quantity was necessary to qualify him for poetical excellence. Few, if any, people can judge accurately on such delicate points of mental chemistry; and a slight error in their analysis may be fatal to the correctness of their judgment. A similar difficulty occurs in such a case as that of Coleridge. Who could have ventured to say with any decision whether his love of speculation would make him a great philosophical light, or cause him to degenerate into a mere intellectual voluptuary? The early friends who were dazzled by the extraordinary brilliance of his conversation would regard it as treacherous in any one to suggest that such vigour of thought could be neutralized by a deficiency of volition. If men like Gray and Coleridge have so narrowly escaped shipwreck, it is impossible to say how many men of equal powers may have been entirely cast away; and therefore how frequently these early vaticinations may have missed fulfilment, not because they involved too high an estimate of the positive qualities, but because they failed to take into account the baneful but occult influence of counterbalancing defects. Such errors of the judgment are still less surprising when we remember how much depends upon circumstances which could not have been foreseen. A man in every way qualified to command success may fail, not merely from downright calamities to life or fortune, but by some perversity of fate for which we are slow to make allowance.

We complain that the man whom we suspected of high abilities has never reformed the world or introduced a new philosophical method, because he has been vulgarized by partial success. He has been content to aim at a low mark, and to turn his talents into money instead of fame. The case is frequent and lamentable; but we ought to have been prepared for the contingency. A good many promising reformers, political or religious, have been spoiled for such purposes by marrying an attorney's daughter, or by the early falling in of a College living. And perhaps they ought not always to be condemned too strictly. We often hear complaints that this or that man whose first works gave high promise of genius is writing himself out for the edification of an indiscriminate public, and giving us mere weeds because he will never allow his intellect to lie fallow. And yet we may be passing too severe a judgment. Perhaps the poor man has a wife and twelve children. Is his first duty to his family or to the universe? Should he pay his bills or be a world poet? It is given only to a few to reconcile the two careers. He ought not, you will say, to have had the wife and children, and the remark is often well founded. But it is a hard doctrine for an affectionate person; and perhaps, after all, it is as well to be a meritorious father of a family as to throw double or quits for fame. Perhaps, after all, he was a modest man, and may even have taken the true measure of his abilities when he declined into the safer path. However this may be, such facts are enough to suggest how exceedingly complicated a problem we undertook to solve offhand when we assumed this or that promising lad to be the coming man. Give him the will, and the intellect, and the right conditions, and he may succeed; but to produce a genius of any high order, and to employ him worthily on an adequate task, you must secure the concurrence of so many circumstances, depending partly on himself and partly on his surroundings, that it is a kind of marvel when they all unite upon one man. To explain the opposite case, to show why the people whom we took to be dunces turn out to be distinguished men, would perhaps be more difficult, though it cannot be called very difficult to account for any degree of misconception in the partial judgments which we are able to form of each other.

There is, indeed, the gratifying reflection that our judgment of what constitutes success is to the full as fallible as our judg-

ment of the talents by which it can be commanded. Many of the men whom we calmly set down as failures may have been doing as much as those who have made ten times as much noise in the world. A great deal of the best work in the world is anonymous, if we do not confine the term to writing. The rising genius who has sunk out of sight may have profoundly influenced his generation, though we cannot trace the channels through which it has operated. A man who might have been a bishop and has become a quiet clergyman in a retired parish is popularly said to have failed; but even quiet clergymen may frequently sow the seeds of thoughts and works of which they will never reap any conspicuous harvest in this life. And fortunately the power of doing good service unobtrusively is not confined to the clergy.

#### LORD DE ROS ON MARS' HILL.

WE heard some time ago of a family who were so lacking in energy either for good or evil that it was said that it would take three of them to commit a sin. The number which it took to do a righteous action we did not hear; but it is charitable to believe that such an act might, by an effort, be got through by two of them. In the like sort we should have thought that it would have taken more than one man, even more than one peer of the realm, to make such a wonderful exhibition as was made by Lord De Ros on Monday night when talking about examinations at Woolwich. We should have thought that no one pair of shoulders could have borne so remarkable a load of ignorance. At any rate a man wishing to distinguish himself in the art of blundering—or rather in that more delicate art which, without exactly blundering, contrives to show off a more refined ignorance than any mere blunder can—might lay in a good stock of materials by simply following Lord De Ros and picking up what falls from him, like the slave who picked up the stray dædæis when Démokédēs was admitted into the treasure-house of the Great King. There really is an art in these things, and we suppose that a man who has achieved something in this way, as in any other way, is anxious to show off his achievement to the world. Otherwise why should Lord De Ros, who got some reputation from a fairly-put together little book about the Tower of London—no connexion with Mr. Hepworth Dixon's bigger book on the same subject—have been so eager to explain to the world that he knew nothing about either the Athenian Areiopagos or Milton's *Areopagitica*? Whatever may be done to the candidates at Woolwich, no one would have thought of examining the Lieutenant of the Tower about any such matters. It would never have come into our heads to think whether he knew about them or not, if he had not sounded a trumpet before him that we might all come and see how thoroughly he did not know. But, as Lord De Ros has thought good to announce to the world a fact which he might so easily have kept to himself, we will venture to go a little further in the process of mental anatomy. We will at least try to point out the very remarkable and complicated state of ignorance which is implied in Lord De Ros's speech—a degree of ignorance which, as it is something to be first in anything, it is really a creditable exploit for a single man to have reached.

It appears that among the books used at Woolwich for examination are Chaucer, Spenser, the Epistles of Horace, and "other authors." In a former year Shakspeare was one of the subjects for examination, and Lord De Ros seems to have been much troubled in mind at the Woolwich candidates being put on in *Romeo and Juliet*. His only comfort was that so practical a man as Sir Lintorn Simmons had had nothing to do with choosing such dangerous writings. We do not know whether any of the plays of Shakspeare lurk this year under the phrase of "other authors," and we are left to guess what may be the amount of Lord De Ros's familiarity with any of these authors, named and unnamed, as he discreetly veils his opinion of them in a somewhat oracular formula. They are "authors from the perusal of whom a taste was likely to be formed in after-life, but who inspired distaste when imposed on young men who saw in them no immediate practical utility." We do not know whether Lord De Ros, as an Irish member of the other House is said once to have done, "spoke in Italics"; but on the whole it is more likely to be the *Times* which, by putting the name of Horace in Roman type and those of Chaucer and Spenser in Italic, seems to imply a belief that Horace was a real man, but that Chaucer and Spenser were only the titles of books. But directly after comes the great exploit, the record of which we must give in Lord De Ros's own words, or at least in those of the *Times*, which we trust has not misrepresented him:—

He also noticed the *Areopagitica*, which, though he was aware that the Areopagus was a Greek tribunal, puzzled him, and it was not till after vainly consulting several dictionaries that he found it to refer to a trial for homicide conducted by twelve gods and goddesses, when six being on one side and six on the other the accused was acquitted. This seemed a precedent for the recent proposal of a noble earl (Russell) as to Irish juries. (A laugh.)

The laugh may possibly prove that there are other noble lords who were as much in the dark about these matters as Lord De Ros himself. But let us see all that this little speech proves about the speaker. First of all, as Lord De Ros was puzzled at the name of the *Areopagitica*, it proves that he is not a reader of the prose works of Milton. In this perhaps Lord De Ros would be very far from standing alone. But Lord De Ros's puzzledom

proved more than that he had not read the *Areopagitica*; it proved that he had never heard of it. Now this is far more serious. There is a large class of writings, ancient and modern, which nobody is expected to have read, but of which it still is decent to know the names, and to have some general notion what they are about. We are afraid that with most people the prose works of Milton, with some perhaps his poetical works also, would come under this head. But Lord De Ros had not even reached this stage. All he could think of was that the *Areopagitica* must have something to do with the Areiopagos, and all he knew of the Areiopagos was that it was "a Greek tribunal." This may seem to imply that Lord De Ros not only does not read Milton, but that he does not read Lord Macaulay. The *Areopagitica* are mentioned several times in Lord Macaulay's writings, and mentioned in a way which might give any one who knew no more of the book than Lord Macaulay says of it a general notion of its object. After this, it is perhaps less wonderful when we say that Lord De Ros's confession shows that he has never studied Greek history or Greek literature either at first hand or second hand. A man who could not read a word of Greek, but who had read any History of Greece, we will not say Grote or Thirlwall, but the very worst History of Greece he could find, would surely have found out something more about the Areiopagos than this. We write from the memory of many years past, but we think it is Oliver Goldsmith who tells us that Periklēs lessened the authority of the Court of Areiopagos, and that he did it out of jealousy, because the Court was made up of all those who had been archons, and, as he had never been archon, he could not get a seat there. Now the notion of Periklēs wanting to be archon is something like the Frenchman's picture of the Duke of Wellington still dissatisfied in the midst of all his honours because he had never been Lord Mayor. But, setting aside the odd conception of the motives of Periklēs, Goldsmith's mere statement of facts is perfectly accurate. Had the studies of Lord De Ros gone even as far as that, he might at least have learned that the Areiopagos was made up of mere mortal judges. He could hardly have thought that the archons were the same as the Twelve Gods, and that Periklēs was disappointed because he could not, like Caius or Domitian, get people to make a God of him while he was still alive. Lord De Ros doubtless reads the newspapers; if so, he can hardly fail to have sometimes come across some such flourish as "the Areopagus of Europe." What that means we cannot reasonably expect Lord De Ros to know; because we certainly do not know ourselves, and we strongly suspect that those who talk in that kind of way do not know any better. Still, the oddness of the phrase might, one would have thought, have stirred up any one who, like Lord De Ros, had got so far as to know that the Areiopagos was a Greek tribunal, to go on a little further and find out whether it really exercised such sublime but rather vague functions over Greece, Europe, or the world in general.

But if Lord De Ros does not read Milton or Macaulay or the newspapers, we are at least bound to believe that he sometimes reads the New Testament, if not in the original, at least in the English version. Surely education at Woolwich has not become so strictly undenominational that Lord De Ros or Sir Lintorn Simmons or anybody else would object to the study of the Acts of the Apostles, at all events as an historical document throwing light on the early days of the Roman Empire. In that book we find an account of how St. Paul was led unto Areiopagos, how he stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and there made a discourse which had the effect of winning over several of his hearers, and among them one of the Areiopagites themselves, to the doctrine which he taught. Lord De Ros can hardly be of a very inquiring mind if he read this account and never thought of finding out any more about the place in which or the body before whom the Apostle made that famous discourse, than simply that it was "a Greek tribunal." But if Lord De Ros, after his searching in the dictionaries, chanced to look back to the Acts of the Apostles, his state of puzzlement, instead of being lessened, must have been greatly increased. The setting forth of strange Gods is not exactly the same as a trial for homicide, but the main point is, before whom does Lord De Ros think that the Apostle was brought? According to his own account, it would seem that Lord De Ros must believe that St. Paul was arraigned before a tribunal of Twelve Gods and Goddesses. To say the least, this seems rather like setting one of the parties to be judge in his own cause, if the setter-forth of strange Gods is called on to appear before the old Gods themselves. But it certainly says something for the impartiality of the Olympians that the Apostle departed uncondemned, and must therefore have had at least six votes in his favour; nay, more, he would even seem to have made a convert on the bench. It is possible that there may be some text in which the name of Dionysios appears without the last *i*, and it may be held in Lord De Ros's mythology that it was the God of Wine himself who founded the bishopric of Paris and wrote the famous treatises on the Heavenly Hierarchy. If, as we were some time back taught by a grave divine, Woden founded the Church of Chester, we see no reason why Dionysos may not have founded the Church of Paris.

One word about the search in the dictionaries. We think that we have been able to go a little way in the track of Lord De Ros. We do not know whether Lord De Ros looked in the English Dictionary of N. Bailey, *ἁλλόλογος*. He would there have found, under the article "*Areopagites*," how they were "Judges of the Court of Athens, where malefactors were tried, and so called from a place near that city, where they sat, called *Areopagus*, or *Mars's*



*Hill.* The word "malefactors" is a little too vague, and to talk of the Areios Pagos as being near the city is an archaic way of speaking, savouring of the days when the Akropolis alone was the city. Otherwise one might say of this account that, like the nursery rhyme which sums up the whole reign of Henry the Eighth in the fact that he "was as fat as a pig," it is hardly adequate, but that it is true as far as it goes. But we suspect that we have lighted on the source of Lord De Ros's notion about the Twelve Gods in the larger Dictionary of Ainsworth. It was, we think, Sir Roger de Coverley who, when some ancient worthy was mentioned, chimed in with the remark that, when he was at school, he had read his life at the end of the Dictionary. The same way of seeking after knowledge which Sir Roger practised when he was at school Lord De Ros seems still to follow in his riper years. At the end then of Ainsworth's Dictionary we find two articles bearing upon the subject which Lord De Ros has taken in hand. The first is headed "Areopagita" and the second "Areopagus." We cannot help thinking that Lord De Ros must have failed to read the first, which we rather wonder at, as the word "Areopagita" looks more like "Areopagitica" than "Areopagus" does. But under "Areopagita," besides the information, on Ainsworth's own authority, that "they judged in capital affairs with the greatest impartiality," it is stated, on the authority of Cicero, that "Solon primus constituit Areopagitas." Now we cannot suspect either that Lord De Ros cannot construe so easy a piece of Latin as that, nor yet that, if he could construe it, he would think that Solon created the Twelve Gods. So we are driven to think that Lord De Ros got his notions wholly from the next article, where "Areopagus" is explained to be "Mars's court at Athens," and the comment is added:—"They say it had its name from Mars's trial here for homicide before the twelve chief deities, on which occasion he was absolved by six votes; for, the votes being equal, judgment was passed in favour of the accused, 'Judicium capitis Areopago primum actum est,' Plin. 7, 56." Here, it is plain, is the source where Lord De Ros found his learning; but we think that he has hardly done justice to the great lexicographer, for Lord De Ros seems to think, if not that the trial of Arés was the only trial which ever took place before the Areiopagos, yet at least that none but Gods and Goddesses ever sat there as judges. But Ainsworth clearly understood that the trial of the homicidal God before twelve of his peers was only the first Areopagitic trial among many, and that in after-times, as is implied in the quotation about Solon, mortal men were tried there by their peers also. Altogether we wonder why, in a military discussion, the Court of Areiopagos should have aroused such undeserved dislike. It would surely have been a more ingenious and appropriate perversion to have taken for granted that a Court held on Mars's Hill must needs have been a Court-martial.

#### FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

IT is not quite clear whether women expect, when they have got their rights, to keep their privileges also. When their education is completed, and they find themselves able to argue on an equality with man, do they expect always to have the last word? When they have ceased to claim or accept the protection of men, and have set up for themselves, are they still to be allowed to make personal remarks? When they are successfully competing with men in all the superior walks of life, and are driving them to emigrate, to scrub floors, and to jump off Westminster Bridge, do they hope still to get the corner seat, the clean side of the road, the first help, the front place, and the pick of everything? When all the public and private business of the country is in their hands, will they still find time for three meat meals in the day? And, above all, will they then still retain their most cherished privilege of tea and talk at five o'clock in the afternoon? As members of any profession, except perhaps the clerical, women can hardly expect that their day's work will ordinarily be finished before five o'clock, or that they will be able, as a rule, to make such a break in business between four and six as to get home regularly to five o'clock tea. Unless we are to presume a thorough change in office hours, in the times of the departure of the mails, and in all the business arrangements of the country; and, unless, along with all this, we are to reckon upon an entire extrusion of men from any share in settling such arrangements, it is difficult to see how five o'clock tea can survive the emancipation of women. We do not forget that some of the champions of woman's rights consider that, with her superior natural abilities and her extreme docility, supplemented by the right use of method, the emancipated woman will be able to perform all that man now does, without giving up any of her present feminine occupations; will be able to attend board meetings without abandoning any of her duties to her infant; will find time for interviews as well as for visiting; will superintend the clerks at her office while keeping due control over her domestic servants; and will conduct the affairs of her regenerated country without neglecting her painting, her music, her flowers, her pets, her drawing-room, or her dress. All this may be possible. It may be that woman will contrive to economize her time and her forces by a considerable development of what may be called household mechanics. There is perhaps no reason why, as she already has the sewing-machine, she should not have also the letter-writing machine and the dinner-ordering machine. We can even imagine that, by the application of some kind of power to a contrivance combining the

bottle and the baby-jumper, she may be able to hand over one of her most natural, but most unmanly, duties to a nursing-machine. And when machines have been invented for all the different household duties of women, it is of course perfectly conceivable that they may all be combined in one great domestic engine, warranted to do the work of an automaton housewife, or complete mechanical mistress and mother. Or perhaps it may be that emancipation will have such an effect upon woman that the glorious creature will find herself able to do what, since the world began, both men and women have been vainly trying to do—namely, to get two days' work out of one. There have always been people who have believed it might be possible to do this, just as there have always been people who, in spite of arithmetic and repeated failures, have maintained that "what's enough for one is enough for two." Mr. Kingsley, indeed, in his *Water Babies* went so far as to give us a formal prescription for getting two days' work out of one—namely, by "sticking to the good old Cambridge hours of breakfast at eight and dinner at five." But this, like any other prescription which fails to show how to double the length of the day, is a mere delusion for doubling the day's work; as any one may soon ascertain who will put himself to the extreme inconvenience of trying "the good old Cambridge hours." It is, however, futile to speculate by what means women propose to rise superior to the embarrassing conditions of time and force which at present regulate the lives of men, and to assume the cares and duties of men without dropping those which at present belong to them. All we know is, that the champions of woman's rights repudiate the hypothesis which used to be so cleverly illustrated by the late Mr. Leech, that the assumption by women of men's work, or, as it was then called, "Bloomerism," necessitates the employment of men in woman's work. Evidently they feel perfectly competent to do the one, and yet not leave the other undone.

Whether woman's work is, or is not, to survive the triumph of the new Bloomerism, it seems impossible that woman's leisure can do so. And with the loss of woman's leisure goes the loss of that special pleasure of women, five o'clock tea. Five o'clock tea is a rite for the due observance of which leisure is essential, and of which leisure is the most characteristic condition. The cups and saucers, the bread and butter, the new bonnets, the specimens of lace, the music, the talk, and even the very drink from which it is named, are all accidents of five o'clock tea. Nothing that is eaten, nothing that is drunk, nothing that is said or done at five o'clock tea, is so characteristic of the institution, considered as an art, as this one fact, that it is a mode of passing spare time. The art of taking five o'clock tea is, in fact, a branch of the great art of using leisure—an art which, if the rank and file of middle-class Englishmen ever possessed it, they have now completely lost. Englishmen of the professional and commercial classes have no experience of leisure. They know what it is only from hearsay; or, at the best, from recollections of their boyhood. The pressure of competition and the force of habit have turned all of them who are past thirty into mere working machines; and, though they are always longing for leisure, not one of them in fifty would know how to use it if he got it. It is not the least of the graces which charm us in woman that she is not drilled down into the same file with ourselves; that she is still allowed to have leisure, and that she still retains the art of using it. If a busy professional man gets a half-holiday, he has only two notions as to how he shall spend it. One is to work off arrears of private business, the other is to tire himself out with physical exertion. And he is quite right. He has lost the art of doing nothing, and he could not do it, however much he tried. Give him the prettiest corner of the drawing-room, a couple of his best friends, security from casual callers, and all the other most favourable conditions of an artistic five o'clock tea, and you will still find him quite incompetent to take it like a woman. The ease, the grace, the quiet, the repose, the absence of hurry, the charming aimlessness, the indescribable air of inaction, with which a woman takes her five o'clock tea, are all entirely beyond his powers. Let any one who doubts this, and who has a really charming woman for his wife, contrive an opportunity of watching her, himself unseen, while she takes her afternoon tea. He will then learn how great and how beautiful is the art of idleness.

Five o'clock tea has, of course, like every other art, some among its followers who fail to catch its true spirit, and seek to degrade it into a handicraft. Some women make a meal of it. Others try to make it do duty for a dinner-party. Some treat it as a religious or charitable institution, and meet together to make garments for the poor heathen—garments which, by the way, the poor heathen could not possibly wear, but for which they may get a trifle from some half-caste dealer—or to distribute tracts among our heathen poor. Others, of a more enlightened spirit, look upon it as a means of regenerating society, and meet to discuss, in the comparative privacy of their drawing-rooms, those more intricate and nasty problems of social life with which it is necessary that they should make themselves thoroughly acquainted in order that they may lend a helping hand to Professor Newman and Mr. Jacob Bright. One of the worst abuses of five o'clock tea, as most men will agree, is to turn it into a meal. There are women, happily not numerous in London, but dwellers chiefly in small country towns, who use five o'clock tea as an opportunity for gormandizing; and who systematically exchange visits at that time of day for the purpose of eating something that is newly in season, such as strawberries, or something for which they have a sneaking appetite, such as muffins. Men are of course carefully excluded from these orgies. Married women take care not to keep the feast in their

own houses, except on days when they are secure of their husband's absence. Edwin tears herself from Angelina, and goes forth on his day's work, deeply touched by the affectionate solicitude with which she puts to him the question, "Is there no chance of getting you back before seven, my love?" Could he turn back from the station ten minutes later, and see the little notes being sent out to Mrs. Doubledose, the doctor's wife, and the two little Misses Pumpkin, written thus:—"I shall be quite alone at five to-day. Do come and eat a muffin"—the current of his meditations would be changed. Rumour says that occasionally an uxorious Edwin has turned up an hour or so earlier than he was expected, and has felt himself to be, like the prophet of Pethor, a man whose eyes are opened. The disordered appearance of the drawing-room, the bonnet cast down here, the parasol there, the pocket-handkerchiefs, the neck-kerchiefs, the knitting, the tatting, the shawls, and the overshoes that lie in tangled masses over the chairs and floor and bestrew every corner of that place, sacred, as he thought and as Cowper sang, to neatness and repose; the half-emptied cups and sloppy saucers, the strawberry stalks, the fragments of solid food; the embarrassed air of Mrs. Doubledose, arrested in the middle of her newest and liveliest bit of scandal, and the outraged look of Angelina—have, it is said, formed a tableau such as Edwin would long remember. Of course such complete exposures as this are comparatively rare. Usually the fragments that remain have been gathered up, the drawing-room has been smoothed down, and all traces of the revellers have been effaced, some twenty minutes or so before the unsuspecting Edwin applies his latchkey to the door; and the only evidence that remains of what has been done is to be found in Angelina's utter incapacity for dinner. "I have got one of my sick head-aches," she says, and Edwin, even in his most ungenerous moods, looks for no more approximate cause of her want of appetite than a too liberal luncheon, and seldom thinks of suspecting the true criminal, five o'clock tea.

Our limits do not permit a discussion of the other misuses of five o'clock tea. They are, no doubt, many and serious. But it does not therefore follow that the institution is in itself an evil, any more than it follows, because some women abuse their leisure, that all women ought to take to hard work. Nothing, says the proverb, is so bad as debased good. The corruption of the best thing is the worst. And it may be that the very vileness of five o'clock tea, when so abused, is an evidence of its value when uncorrupted.

#### NERO AND NAPOLEON III.

NOT the least interesting parts of M. Renan's curious book on Antichrist are those chapters which touch on the affairs of contemporary France. With the skill of a consummate literary artist, he draws or suggests a series of historical parallels such as used to be the most potent resources of sarcasm in the days of the Empire. Now that the Emperor is gone, and that the Empire only illustrates the irony of fate, there might seem, indeed, to be no reason why protests against the Napoleonic system should be veiled under descriptions of the ruin which the Cæsars brought to Rome. But M. Renan thinks differently. He is not more eager to prove that the Antichrist of the Apocalypse is Nero than he is to trace, with strokes of subtle and cruel irony, a likeness between Nero and Napoleon III., to draw a parallel between the Rome of the one potentate and the Paris of the other, and to paint the defence of Jerusalem against Titus with such hues and tints of sarcasm as to bring into view the defence of Paris by the Commune. It is true that he does not once mention Napoleon III., that he makes only a slight and passing reference to the showy splendour of Paris, and that he does not say a word about the fanatics and ruffians who fought under Ferré and his colleagues; but his meaning is made all the more trenchant by so artistic a suppression of obvious names. And although M. Renan had no reason to fear that he would be punished if he should speak with open scorn of Napoleon III., or with open detestation of the Commune, he thought no doubt that it would add to the force of his satire if he so painted the past as to make it seem like an anticipation of the errors and the crimes which had been committed by his own countrymen in his own time.

The parallel between Nero and Napoleon III. is not of course intended to suggest that the Emperor of the French was as great a monster of depravity as the Cæsar, or indeed that he was a monster at all. The likeness is drawn between the artistic vanity of the one and the literary vanity of the other. Nero is painted as he appears in the pages of Suetonius and Tacitus. He is painted as a man who, while standing on the most giddy height of power on which any civilized State ever placed a human being, yet disdainfully flung away the dignities and gravities of empire to share in the triumphs of singers, sculptors, and all the other ministers to the passion for artistic beauty. Leaving the army to the care of powerful and treacherous pro-consuls, and placing the Empire at the mercy of armed ambition, he fiddled, danced, sang, and lived only for art. We are reminded how he was disgusted by the Romans because they did not appreciate the charms of his harsh and feeble voice; how he became enthusiastically fond of the Greeks because they obsequiously hastened to praise him as a master of music; how he went on with his singing and fiddling even after he heard that the legions of Gaul had revolted; how he consulted the Senate respecting a newly-invented

musical instrument in the midst of the tremendous peril which had come to the Empire and himself; and how in the moment of death he could think only of the magnificent voice which should be lost to the world when he should be gone. Nero's atrocities are painted by M. Renan with a burning pen, and the force of the satire is deepened by a subtle plea that Nero was not animated by the same tiger-like thirst for blood as the annalists of the Cæsars ascribe to Caligula. "Far from being incapable of friendship, he was often a good comrade." But, we are told, it was just that capacity for friendship which made him cruel, since he wished to be loved and admired for his own sake, and he was angry with those who did not pour out upon him their affection and their homage. He was indifferent to the rights of others, destitute of pity, and ready to slaughter thousands of innocent men and women to gratify a whim, because he had no moral sense; and he had no moral sense because he was essentially an artist. He proclaimed every day that the only serious concern of life was art, and that all virtue was a falsehood. The contempt of M. Renan goes so far as to picture such a personage as befits the *mardi gras*—a compound of fool, simpleton, and actor, clothed with the functions of an absolute ruler, and charged to govern the world. He was an Emperor of the opera. He was a *mélomane* trembling before the pit, and making it tremble. To such a being the government of the greatest State or the command of the mightiest army was a trivial matter in comparison with the symphonies of the lyre or the lines of a statue. And, pointing the finger full at Napoleon III., M. Renan bitterly adds that, although Nero's talents did not rise above mediocrity, he had some artistic endowments; for he painted well, and he was skilled in the art of sculpture. His verses were also good, although they had a schoolboy air, "and in spite of what has been said by calumny, he did compose them himself; for Suetonius saw the first copy of the Imperial manuscripts covered with erasures." Nero was wont to console himself with the reflection that his artistic talents might some day gain him a livelihood if the throne of the Cæsars should be taken from him, or if he should weary of its gilded trivialities. "One of the things which most flatter the vanity of those men of the world who occupy themselves a little with art or literature is to imagine," says M. Renan, "that if they were poor they could live by their talents." And the diseased fancies of Nero were quickened by the depravity of his time. It was an age of shallow rhetoricians, of gaudy artists, and of sensualists, who had lavished on vice the dignity, repose, and rounded completeness of art itself. An exaggerated importance was given to the practice of declamation. Buildings or statues were deemed great because they were gigantic. The Roman people craved big buildings, big statues, big gladiatorial shows, and big words. They were gorged with spectacles, and surfeited with blatant eloquence. The most typical character of Imperial Rome during that reign of transcendent immorality was Petronius, who gave the day to sleep and the night to business and amusement. "He was not one of those profligates who ruin their constitution by reckless debauchery; he was a voluptuary profoundly versed in the science of pleasure." A fascinating friend, he did not lack ability, and, when it was the good will of Nero that he should die, he died with the nearest approach to Socratic dignity that lay within the reach of a philosophic voluptuary. Opening his veins, he discoursed with his friends, not about the immortality of the soul, but about the trivialities of the day, and the light airy songs of society, as if to show how much he despised both life and death. Then he rewarded some of his slaves, and caused others to be punished. And then he leaned forward in the sleep of death. M. Renan calls him a "sceptical Mërimée"; and he certainly does recall the Academician whose scepticism was as complete as his culture, whose irreverent epigrams were the delight of literary epicures, and whose own passion for rounded beauty of phrase amounted to a kind of sensuality. Mërimée passed through life saying, "Let us eat of the best and drink of the best, let us polish our French and coin our epigrams, let us flatter each other when we meet, and satirize each other when we are separated, for to-morrow we die." But on one side of his nature Petronius was also like M. Octave Feuillet's *Monsieur de Camors*, which has unhappily more than one original.

M. Renan does not intend of course to suggest more than a very limited parallel between Nero and Napoleon III. So far from despising statesmanship, the late Emperor of the French risked everything in one effort after another to seize the supreme power in France, and, in his own way, he was eager to build up a reputation which should give him a place in history. But he had also a passion for the honours of literature. He toiled for years at the composition of one dull book in the hope that he might thus get a place in the Academy, and secure those personal honours which are given to men of letters, and yet are withheld from kings. Like Nero, he made his artistic tour in search of appreciation, fiddling as he went, and inviting all men to judge of his performance. He won his garlands also, for several pens saluted him as a great historian. Satire was also busy, it is true, and Sainte-Beuve left behind him in manuscript perhaps the bitterest passages that he ever penned on the old Cæsar and the new; but, if we knew the annals of Greece as well as we know those of contemporary France, we should find no doubt that Nero, too, was secretly made the victim of the bitterest ridicule which lay at the command of a decaying race. Nero did not go to Athens for plaudits, fearing perhaps to submit his pretensions to the severity of taste which still lingered in the chief home of art; nor did Napoleon III. invite the suffrages of the French Academy, lest the political partialities which had welcomed



even more flagrant mediocrities than himself should suddenly become jealous for the honour of literature if they could thus insult a Bonaparte. The French ruler did not consult the Senate about the construction of a musical instrument, but he brought out his own musical snuff-box whenever he addressed the representatives of the nation. His speeches were rhetorical exercises. They were the compositions of a man to whom the form of the expression was as much a matter of concern as the thing expressed. They were filled with the devices of the phrase-maker. They revealed a man posing for the sake of effect. He is like an actor to whom applause is the breath of life, and who carries his thirst for praise from the stage to the dinner-table and the clubroom, so that all his waking hours are spent in the exaction of homage. The literary vanity of Napoleon III. was fostered by the atmosphere of Paris. M. Renan's description of Rome might serve, and was of course intended to serve, for a description of the French capital. The Parisians place an exaggerated value on the art of rhetorical expression, and, as M. Renan himself has admitted elsewhere, they are more eager that a thing should be well said than that it should be worth saying. Their Academy is a manufactory of fine phrases and poor thoughts. They crave a succession of fine shows, huge buildings, and gaudy exhibitions; and thus the artistic author gave them the biggest words, the biggest opera-house, and the biggest Exhibition in the world.

Not content with suggesting a parallel between the old Cæsar and the new, M. Renan goes out of his way to read a direct lecture to those princes who seek to compete with men of letters, and it is easy to see that he is speaking for a moment to the Duke of Aumale and the Count of Paris. Indeed, it is difficult to dismiss the conclusion that he is also satirizing M. Cuvillier Fleury, who was the tutor of the Duke of Aumale, under cover of the half-contemptuous sketch of Seneca, who was the scholastic guide of Nero. Although he himself is one of the first of living writers, and although he usually speaks of his art in a sufficiently high key, M. Renan betrays in his new book something like contempt for its graces and subtleties. He thinks that nothing could be more mischievous to a governor than tastes and aptitudes for the practice of literature and art:—"Le gouvernement étant la chose pratique par excellence, le romantisme y est tout-à-fait déplacé. Le romantisme est chez lui dans le domaine de l'art; mais l'action est l'inverse de l'art. En ce qui touche à l'éducation d'un prince, le romantisme est funeste." M. Renan calls to mind no doubt those visionaries of the First Republic whose qualification for governing France in the greatest crisis of her history was a literary habit of playing the despot on paper, as befits men who, in the empire of their study, were armed with first principles and a belief in their omnipotence. He must also recall those turbulent masters of a loud rhetoric who in his own time seem to fancy that France can be regenerated by big phrases and marks of exclamation. But he has chiefly in view Napoleon III., who was fundamentally a man of letters rather than a man of action, and whose dreamy mind went in search of the ideals that naturally rise before a bookish recluse. His natural tastes and his early training instinctively made him think of how a thing would look on paper. He was perhaps the most "viewy" monarch who ever governed a great Empire for twenty years. If he had not been "viewy," it is true, he might never have gained the throne, although the probability was that the turmoil of France would in any case have brought a Bonaparte to the surface; but it was his "viewiness" more than any other infirmity which cost him his power. He was "viewy" when he went to war for the sake of Italy, and he did not display practical sagacity, but only his habitual indecision, when he stopped before the work was half done. He was still more "viewy" when he tried to found an Empire in Mexico, to restore, as he said, the balance of the Latin race. That was perhaps the maddest scheme which in modern times ever tried to cloak itself under the guise of practical statesmanship. He first tolerated and then resisted the gigantic growth of Prussia in a "viewy" way. His resistance to the nomination of the Prince of Hohenzollern was "viewy," and so was the flimsy pretext on which he went to war.

M. Renan describes the result of Napoleon's "viewiness" in his chapters on the defence of Judæa and Jerusalem against Vespasian and Titus. Jerusalem is of course Paris; Hassan is painted as a man of moderation, who knew that resistance was hopeless, and yet who held out rhetorical hopes of victory, in order that he might keep the Jews from rushing into the worst excesses of fanaticism. Few people, therefore, deem him a traitor; and he is the Trochu of Jerusalem. Vespasian may stand for the Thiers; Titus is the MacMahon. The fierce, fanatical Jews who defended Jerusalem and the Holy of Holies against the Versailles of Rome did the work of the equally fierce and fanatical Communists. Simon, the son of Gioras, who commanded the city, represents such Communists as Ranc; John of Giscala, who, with his assassins, was master of the Temple, may typify Ferré or Raoul Rigault, who had neither resources nor fear, but only passion; and Eleazar, the son of Simon, who belonged to the priestly race, anticipates Delescluse, a fanatic to whom Communalistic Republicanism was a religion. M. Renan has undoubtedly strained the parallel between Judæa and Rome on the one hand, and France on the other; but he has nevertheless penned a curious satire on his country, and his irony will be found, after all due abatement, shaded with much of the gloom of truth.

#### INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

ON a hot evening in July the House of Commons occupies itself with affirming after debate that it prefers international arbitration to war. It in effect desires the Government to signify to foreign Powers that this country has been "done" once, and would like to be "done" again. We may observe for the comfort of Mr. Richard that the settlement of international disputes cannot be difficult if one party will give, and allow the other to take, everything. Mr. Richard is doubtless impervious to ridicule as well as insensible to fatigue and heat. It was perhaps because his motion was raised above party considerations that so many Conservatives absented themselves from the discussion of it. The working-men have "thrown themselves into the movement" for international arbitration with "remarkable ardour," which it is our own fault that we have not remarked. The only perceptible emotion aroused by this subject has been at the Court Theatre, where the proposal to refer to arbitration the King of Bonny's claim to Scotland still excites laughter. However, we are ready to believe that upwards of one million of the working classes have spontaneously signified their adhesion to the principle of Mr. Richard's motion. Indeed, we should think that with adequate organization and expenditure the million might be made two. There can be no possible harm in resolving that arbitration is generally desirable, and the question whether it is practicable in a particular case must be left to the decision of Government. Mr. Richard argues that great wars have arisen out of small causes, which he thinks might have been removed. But he fails to see that, if the particular pretext for war between France and Germany had been taken away, some other pretext would have succeeded it. If Mr. Richard, or his million of followers, or the bishops and ministers of religion to whom he appeals, can persuade France to abandon the purpose of fighting it out with Germany at the first convenient season, by all means let them do so. He may rest assured that this country will not enter into European war unless compelled, but circumstances may arise to which arbitration would be inapplicable, unless as a decent contrivance for surrendering that which can only be preserved by fighting. Lord Clarendon obtained from a Congress held at Paris the expression of a wish that States would, before appealing to arms, have recourse to the good offices of friendly Powers, and no doubt mediation might be useful where war is not predetermined. However, Mr. Richard concurs with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that it was "a great triumph" to have elicited this declaration from the Congress. It is a pity that some other equally harmless platitude could not have been adopted by the House of Commons, so as to save the trouble of driving.

Mr. Richard wishes the Government to represent to foreign Powers that we think arbitration is a good thing. The foreign Powers, if they felt called upon to behave civilly, would probably answer that they thought the same, and that is the utmost that would be done. Mr. Gladstone did not consider that this was worth doing, and we entirely agree with him. There is a practical difficulty in recommending the Geneva precedent, because the Power which we address will naturally inquire whether we expect it to play England or America in the proposed drama. Mr. Richard considers the Geneva Arbitration highly honourable to England, but perhaps his opinion might not be generally accepted on the Continent. Lord Russell has always been a valiant penman, but we doubt whether even he would have the courage to emit from the Foreign Office a dissertation on the magnanimity of England in carefully and anxiously providing for an award against herself to the tune of three millions. We can conceive the polite sarcasm which such a despatch would evoke. Some years ago a public banquet on horseflesh was announced, and a person who was invited to it answered that, although he had occasionally eaten that viand when he could get nothing else, yet it had not occurred to him to boast of it. The view which many persons are disposed to take of the Geneva Arbitration is perhaps of a similar kind. But Mr. Richard desires that Lord Granville should invite the Ministers of Russia, Germany, and France to observe the placidity of the sheep under the shears. It might be fairly answered by a Continental politician that the precedent, even if creditable to England, is inapplicable abroad. Besides, it must be confessed that recent experience does not tend to promote confidence in the efficiency of any international tribunal. However, Mr. Richard carried his motion against the Government, and as his supporters are probably not readers of the *Morning Post*, they may never become aware that he was indebted for his success to the fashionable entertainments which drew members away from the debate. Mr. Gladstone quoted with good effect from a work of M. Laveleye, who, desiring equally with Mr. Richard to preserve the peace of Europe, recommends, as the surest means of doing so, that Belgium and England should adopt a system of compulsory military service. Mr. Gladstone was careful to protest that he did not follow M. Laveleye in this opinion, but he cannot deprive the recommendation of the weight which properly belongs to it. It depends upon ourselves alone to carry out this recommendation, whereas Mr. Richard's plan requires the co-operation of other Powers. The only solid basis of influence abroad is security at home, and we shall never occupy our proper place in Europe until by some means we largely increase our defensive force. "For the sake of liberty itself, considerable armaments must be maintained." This is the judgment of M. Laveleye, and he must, as Mr. Gladstone says, have been pressed by powerful motives to adopt a conclusion so painful to him. If nothing else comes of the debate, it will be useful as a means of urging on the

progress of the country towards a condition of security. The growing cost of professional soldiers will gradually compel all citizens to share the burden of national defence.

The country is congratulated by Mr. Gladstone on having shown by accepting the decisions of Berlin and Geneva that its attachment to the principle of arbitration is not a vulgar and sordid attachment founded on a confident expectation of success. The world is invited by Mr. Gladstone to look forward to the gradual formation of a code of international law, and to the eventual creation of an International Court. But Mr. Gladstone would hardly represent this prospect as near or definite. Even Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who supported Mr. Richard, had the good sense to see that England had been "perhaps a little done" at Geneva; but he did not perceive the absurdity of our exhorting other nations to go and be done likewise. The most civilized nations of Europe have been exerting themselves lately to persuade the Shah of Persia that each is stronger than the other. As Sir Wilfrid Lawson says, we exhibited to the Shah our ships, our guns, our soldiers, and even our prizefighters, but we did not take him into a church. Sir Wilfrid Lawson fears that the Shah has been taught to drink champagne, and has been insufficiently impressed with the value of the principle of international arbitration. We so far share this apprehension as to believe that the Shah would be likely to see much more virtue in a big gun. The "Woolwich infant," like the principle of arbitration, requires a good deal of nursing, but we think it promises better to repay the care bestowed on it. Mr. Richard declares his conviction that, if the Award at Geneva had been the other way, the people of the United States would have willingly accepted it. We do not say that they would not; and if we think that they would have liked to toss with us for the *Alabama* damages on the principle of "heads we win, tails you lose," it must be owned that in this respect they are only too like ourselves.

Although Mr. Richard has carried his motion, he must not expect that anything will come of it. He may console himself under disappointment by remembering that we can at any moment instruct and delight the world by exhibiting to it a second edition of the Geneva Arbitration. There are always open questions between us and the United States, and we can generally ensure the settlement of these questions by arranging arbitration upon terms unfavourable to ourselves. Providence, says Mr. Gladstone, has endowed England and America with advantages and facilities for the propagation of the principle of arbitration. If Mr. Gladstone had fully explained himself, he would probably have ascribed to America a readiness to ask and to England a willingness to give. He might have truly added, that the mischief of war would be to both countries more serious than the price of any concession which could be made by one country to the other. At this point we think the parallel between the case of England and America and that of Continental countries fails. The French desired to march to Berlin in order to prove that they were the first military Power of Europe, as they used to be. The Germans desired to march to Paris, in order to cripple France, and to prevent her from troubling the peace of Europe in time to come. Lord Clarendon, with his "tact, good feeling, and ability," and his offer of mediation, was merely futile under such circumstances. When Germany prescribed the terms of peace to conquered France, some faint attempt at mitigating their rigour was made by England, and it was treated with contempt. Mr. Gladstone apprehended that, in endeavouring to check his friend Mr. Richard in his career of benevolence and philanthropy, his own conduct might be viewed unfavourably. A Minister must be patient and courteous to every one, and Mr. Gladstone could only hint that the speech which he censured was impractical. "He did not wish to damp or chill the generous aspirations of the speaker." We may suspect that, if Mr. Gladstone had had a majority at his back, he would have treated the generous aspirations of Mr. Richard with rather less consideration. He saw great value in the motion, and he hoped that it would be withdrawn. Mr. Cobden once made a similar motion, and Lord Palmerston invited him to withdraw it, which Mr. Cobden declined to do. On a division Mr. Cobden was beaten, whereas Mr. Richard has succeeded. We shall of course be told that this fact shows that the principle of arbitration has made great progress since Mr. Cobden's time. But it rather shows that the independent members of the Liberal party are less than ever to be depended on. The present Government has sustained so many defeats and humiliations that one more does not greatly matter. The resolution can have no practical effect, and perhaps we may have next year a Parliament in which the "aspirations of philanthropy" will be chilled by contact with common sense.

#### LORD SANDON AND THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

OUR anticipations as to the kind of reply likely to be given by Mr. Gladstone to Lord Sandon's demand for a Bill to suppress the Ritualists have not been disappointed. The Ministerial statement was even hyper-episcopal in its diplomatic caution, and would certainly have established the revisionary claims of the Premier on the next vacancy of the see of Canterbury had he chosen a different line of life. And yet it is difficult to see what substantially different answer could have emanated from the Treasury Bench, even had the First Lord been a less accomplished master of the art of language. It was inevitable of course that Lord Sandon should consider it "unsatisfactory," and natural that he should gallantly propose to throw himself into the breach,

where prelates and premiers are alike afraid to tread. We spoke just now of episcopal caution, but it must be admitted that the two Archbishops, if they prudently excused themselves from the responsibility of action, have not been altogether felicitous in the phraseology of their now too famous reply to the sixty thousand remonstrants. One sentence especially, on which we took the liberty of commenting at some length the other day, has supplied the keynote as well of the frantic oratory of Lord Shaftesbury and his friends at Exeter Hall as of Lord Sandon's preliminary interpellation and of the Resolutions of the Church Association. Their Graces, it may be remembered, asserted that a considerable minority of the clergy and laity of the Church were endeavouring "to subvert the principles of the Reformation," and the cry has been taken up and re-echoed by all the organs of the Recordite party ever since, though neither those who originated nor any of those who have so loudly repeated it have attempted to answer the question we ventured to suggest as to what "the principles of the Reformation" are. A morning paper which is equally conspicuous for its uncompromising devotion to the Establishment and its intense dislike for all "extreme" parties, and especially for extreme High Churchmanship, frankly admitted last Tuesday that it was quite unable to describe these principles, though it was none the less indignant with the naughty Ritualists for "subverting" them. Whether Lord Sandon is better informed on the subject we cannot say, but at all events he kept his knowledge to himself, and contented himself on Monday with again quoting the indictment of the Archbishops without offering any explanation. He also referred to the four hundred and eighty clergymen denounced at Exeter Hall as priests of Baal, whom he rather inaccurately described as petitioning Convocation "for the revival of sacramental confession in the Established Church." It may fairly enough be presumed that the petitioners are in favour of such a revival, but they could hardly ask Convocation to restore a practice which they expressly alleged to be already "widespread and increasing," and what they actually did ask the bishops to do was to take steps for the "training, selection, and licensing" of fit persons for confessors. Of course, if confession is to be allowed to go on, this request would appear to be not unreasonable. The question really is whether confession ought not to be put down altogether; but meanwhile the bishops admit this to be beyond their competence. Neither, indeed, did Lord Sandon, though he pointedly included confession in what may be called the preamble to his inquiry, seem to be prepared with any practical remedy. His final demand had reference exclusively to a Bill providing a speedy and inexpensive remedy for parishioners against the introduction of objectionable ceremonies into their parish churches. To the preliminary inquiry Mr. Gladstone could of course only reply that the Government had no official knowledge of the Archbishops' letter to the Church Association, or of the clerical petition to Convocation, and that it had no responsibility in the matter. Lord Sandon's second question as to the intentions of the Government alone required a direct reply.

What the nature of that reply would be no sensible man could for a moment doubt. Mr. Gladstone would not of course commit the Government as to what measures it might introduce in the next Session of Parliament; nor was he likely to pledge himself to bring in a Bill based on the Report of the Ritual Commissioners in 1868. But Lord Sandon's reference to the Ritual Commission enabled him to deliver the highly oracular utterance which appeared so unsatisfactory to his questioner. He understood the recommendations of the Commission to be based on the principle of protecting members of the congregation against alterations in the ritual introduced against their will by the sole authority of the clergyman, and he considered that to be a sound principle. He did not add, what both he and Lord Sandon must be perfectly aware of, that a Bill based on that "principle"—unless indeed a trio of "aggrieved parishioners" are to be allowed, as in Lord Shaftesbury's defunct measure, to override the bulk of the congregation—would fail to go to the root of the matter at all. No doubt there have been foolish incumbents, and no doubt there are some still, who are willing to purchase what a high authority rather irreverently termed a display of "ribbons" at the cost of emptying their churches. But Lord Sandon can hardly be ignorant that a Ritualist incumbent is frequently egged on by a Ritualist congregation, while in a large number of cases he is partially or wholly dependent on his congregation for the maintenance of his parochial and ecclesiastical machinery, ribbons included. So clear indeed is this to Lord Sandon's admiring critic in the *Standard*, that he insists that, "whether a clergyman be subverting the principles of the Reformation in defiance of, or in collusion with, his congregation, he is equally guilty," and ought equally to be punished. He must not be allowed "to persevere in practices which are not legal, because they are acceptable to the people." The fiercest speakers at Exeter Hall the other day virtually said much the same. They did not merely complain that the prophets prophesied falsely and that the priests bore rule by their means, but also, what was worst of all, that the people loved to have it so. But this opens up a further difficulty. The *Standard*, to be sure, is quite ready with a solution. "The Established Church of England" is fully equal to the crisis, and can meet the aggressions of either Romanism or Ritualism if only she is allowed fair play; but that can never be the case under a Liberal Government, which "paralyzes her energies and undermines her influence." Let us have a sound Conservative Government, which will "strengthen the Church of England, strengthen her



episcopate, respect her Universities, protect her in the enjoyment of all those rights and institutions which our forefathers so wisely conferred upon her," and all will yet be well. In other words, re-establish the Irish Church, restore University tests, give fresh powers to the bishops, whom the House of Commons has, on the motion of a leading Conservative, just decided to exclude from the new Final Court of Appeal in ecclesiastical cases, and in short repeal nearly all the ecclesiastical legislation of the present reign, and then the Establishment will be strong enough to stamp out Ritualism. Perhaps it would; but there is one element in the question which these advocates of the "thorough" policy always manage to overlook. Whatever rights the Established Church of England may possess by laws human or divine, it is composed, like all other Churches, established and unestablished, of the aggregate of its members, who happen just now to be divided into two or three large parties at mutual antagonism with one another, and to eject any one of them from its pale would be to endanger the entire fabric. The "principles of the Reformation," whatever they are, may be a very excellent thing, and we gather from Mr. Whalley's supplementary question to Mr. Gladstone that he is anxious to introduce a Bill for giving the laity, instead of the bishops, the power of enforcing them. But as the laity are quite as much divided as the bishops, that would merely be to give one party among the laity of the Established Church the power of expelling another. On the whole it is not very wonderful that, as Mr. Gladstone observed, "neither the present nor any former Government has ever been moved to bring in any Bill on the subject."

We need not expend many words on the reply of the Council of the Church Association to the letters of the two Archbishops, which virtually reiterates the demands of Lord Sandon and of the speakers at the recent Exeter Hall meeting. The Council naturally takes full advantage of the unguarded statements of the two prelates, which it, moreover, gratuitously assumes to "express the opinion of the whole Episcopal Bench." As it happens, one at least of the bishops has written a separate and, as many persons will be inclined to think, more temperate and sensible, reply of his own to the memorial of the sixty thousand. For itself the Association claims, in language which, if somewhat ambiguous, has the merit of boldness and originality, to represent "the great mass of the unattached laity of the Church." After congratulating the Archbishops on having "at last arrived" at an agreement with its own views, it proceeds to remark that "a body of persons in the Church (like the Ritualists), banded together in close union to accomplish its overthrow, is, in fact, engaged in a conspiracy which, if it related to the State instead of the Church, would justly be branded as treason." This sounds very like a truism, nor can the Archbishops wonder at the application immediately subjoined, to which their own language has, to say the least, given a great appearance of plausibility. "It seems inconceivable that, when the fact of such a conspiracy is known to the guardians and leaders of the Church, they should not feel irresistibly constrained without a moment's delay or hesitation to adopt the most effective measures in their power for the removal of these conspirators." Yet "the Council fails to discover any indication on the part of their Graces or of the bishops" of their intending to take any such steps. The fact of course is that their Graces are too well informed to entertain the extravagant notion which they have allowed the memorialists to attribute to them; but it may be admitted that the charge of looking on quietly while "the enemy is openly and actively sapping the foundation and laying a train to blow up the edifice," is unanswerable as an *argumentum ad hominem*. In this dilemma the Church Association generously comes to their rescue, and suggests a short and easy method of dealing with the "conspirators." In the first place, the licences of all Ritualist curates should be summarily revoked; and, in the next place, all Ritualist incumbents should be prevented from officiating out of their own dioceses. That such a policy would be widely resented as oppressive and unjust is more certain than that it would answer the proposed end any better than the brilliant suggestion of the *Times*, that bishops should decline to confirm in Ritualistic churches. Accordingly still more stringent measures are ominously hinted at, for the Archbishops and bishops are "most earnestly exhorted to rise to the greatness of the emergency; it may prove to be their last opportunity." Certainly, if they were to make any serious endeavour to carry out the programme sketched out for them by the Church Association, their last opportunity of acting in their present capacity might not be very far distant. For what with the conspirators "laying trains to blow up the edifice," and the guardians and leaders taking "new and vigorous" measures to blow up the conspirators, the hapless Establishment, sore beset by friend and foe alike, might be expected before long to tumble about their ears, and to involve both parties in a common ruin.

#### FLAGS.

WHEN an illustrious foreigner visits England, we line the streets through which he passes with all the flags that we can find; and if the colours are pleasing, we neither know nor care whether they signify anything or nothing. Variety of colour and arrangement is necessary for distinction of signals, and a man-of-war carries for the performance of ordinary duty the means of ornamenting herself for festive days. The extent of the code of naval signals may be estimated by the fact that a flag existed in the signal-books for every word except one of Nelson's message, to the fleet

before Trafalgar. In Nelson's time the signal for close action was familiar to the British navy, and the most welcome sight to the look-out man at Portsmouth or Plymouth was a cruiser in the offing with "The enemy at sea" flying from her masthead. If the British fleet was in port when that news arrived, the admiral would hoist without delay Blue Peter, of which signal the meaning will be best learned from the French name of it, "pavillon de partance." The system of telegraphing by flags depended on a clear atmosphere for success, and many instances are recorded of signals being imperfectly understood. Nelson on a memorable occasion pleaded the loss of an eye as his excuse for not seeing a signal which he was determined to disobey. It may be doubted whether simplicity and clearness have been sufficiently regarded in framing existing codes of signals. It would be easy to arrange so as to help both eye and memory more than appears to have been thought necessary. The existing codes are probably to a great extent traditional or accidental, and they display far less symmetry than would be expected in a modern work. If we take, for example, the alphabet, excluding vowels and *x* and *z*, we need only eighteen flags, and it would seem to be easy to select these flags upon some system which should require only three colours. Thus we might take vertical bars of blue, white, and red, and make six different arrangements of them; and, again, we might take horizontal bars and make six different arrangements. Thus we should get twelve signals, and the remaining six might be formed with only two colours. Such a system would help memory; but perhaps it might be said that a signalman has nothing to do except to remember flags; and as regards the use of more colours than are needed, some admiral's wife may have thought them pretty. Night signals are necessarily restricted both in colour and arrangement, and yet they are made to answer the purpose. To take a more familiar instance, the Post Office telegraph employs only two signals, the dot and the dash of the Morse system, or the corresponding signals of the needle or the bell. Yet, by combining and repeating these signals, all the letters of the alphabet, and not merely consonants, are transmitted. Having regard to the necessary simplicity of this system, it is rather surprising to find both the Royal Navy and the Merchant Service indulging in gorgeous combinations of colour, as if for the sake of making ships look pretty on a holiday.

A magnificent collection of *Flags of All Nations* has been printed by Messrs. Hounsell Brothers, who, as flag-makers to the Admiralty, have the means of ensuring perfect accuracy in their work. Our remarks on the unnecessary complication of commercial codes of signals will, we think, be supported by an examination of the pages of this work. But it may be admitted that, if all the flags in the book were hoisted at once, the effect would be very pretty, and this during a gala period, like the Shah's visit, is principally important. We understand that Messrs. Hounsell's representation of the standard of Persia has been declared by the highest authority to be accurate, and they have doubtless taken equal pains to ensure correctness for the grotesque emblems of the nationality of Cochin China. Their language is open to occasional criticism. Thus their description of the Union Jack is evidently incomplete. It ought to contain, and does contain, three crosses, for St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick; but, taking the description literally, it only contains the two former, and the latter would seem to have disappeared, perhaps through the baleful influence of the Upas-tree. We read in a book of heraldry that "Constantine the Great carried a red cross in a white field, which is now the ensign and flag of England, as the blue field and white cross or saltire is the flag of Scotland." If we examine the Union Jack by the light of this passage, we shall find in it a red cross in a white field for England, a white saltire cross in a blue field for Scotland, and a red saltire cross on a white field for Ireland. The two first crosses were combined previously to 1707; the third was added in 1801. The name "Union Jack" is supposed to be derived from the signature "Jacques" of King James, who ordered the combination. We doubt whether the term "American Union Jack" is not a misnomer. The British Union Jack, placed in the corner of a red or blue flag, constitutes the red or blue ensign. The American national flag was doubtless designed on a certain analogy to that of England. The white stars on blue ground answer to the Union Jack, and the bars of white and red make up the complete flag which answers to the red ensign. But it is carrying the analogy rather far to treat the stars in the firmament as representing union, when they may quite as well signify independence. We find in the same volume the "red ensign of Victoria," which is the ordinary British ensign, with five white stars on a red ground, signifying, as we conjecture, the five Australian colonies, which are united neither in fact nor disposition. The leading ideas of the designers of the flags of Christian nations appear to be the cross, the star, and a combination of three colours. France and Holland use different arrangements of blue, white, and red; Italy uses green, white, and red; Belgium uses black, yellow, and red; and the North German Confederation uses black, white, and red. All these are adaptations of the same idea. The tricolour is still regarded as the symbol of liberty and progress, although it has been too often used to consecrate despotism. The Spanish flag, once well known and formidable at sea, consists, or did consist, of mingled stripes of red, yellow, and red, with the castle and lion surmounted by a crown on the yellow stripe. As this flag is manifestly unsuitable to a republic, we shall perhaps see one more variety of the tricolour. Both Denmark and Switzerland bear a white cross on red ground. Norway and Sweden have crosses compounded of red, white, blue,

and yellow. Greece has a white cross and white stripes on blue ground. Austria combines black, yellow, red, and white. Russia for some purposes uses a cross of blue and white, and for other purposes superadds red; but the Imperial eagle or some other mark distinguishes this cross from any that is used by England. The Portuguese ensign bears a coat of arms upon a flag composed equally of blue and white. The Turkish ensign is a white star and crescent upon a red ground.

An interesting history of flags might be written to accompany these representations of them. The flag of the Trinity House, which is probably ancient, represents a ship carrying merely a red St. George's cross on a white ground. This flag was carried by the ships of Kings Edward III. and Henry V. The man-of-war of the present day carries, or would carry if she had a mast, the red St. George's cross on a white ground, with the Union Jack in the upper canton. This flag is the white ensign. The blue ensign is a plain blue flag with the Union Jack in the upper canton. It is carried by hired transports and other vessels which are employed in the Queen's service, without regularly belonging to it. The red ensign is formed similarly to the blue, and is the proper flag of the British merchant service. The Admiral of the Fleet carries the Union Jack at the main. It was thus carried by Earl Howe on the 1st of June, 1794, and by Earl St. Vincent in 1800 and 1806. An admiral carries the red St. George's cross on a white ground at the main, and a vice-admiral and rear-admiral carry the same flags at the fore and mizen respectively. Formerly there were three classes of admirals in each rank, distinguished by the colours of their flags, and it was usual to form a fleet into divisions similarly distinguished. Thus Nelson was a Vice-Admiral of the White at Trafalgar, while Collingwood and Lord Northesk, who served under him, were respectively Vice-Admiral of the Blue and Rear-Admiral of the White. The order of rank was blue, white, red, corresponding to the rear, van, and centre of the fleet. The British navy, both royal and mercantile, is supplied with flags which contain no reference to the Royal arms. The Admiralty flag is a yellow anchor on a red ground. The Prince of Wales's flag bears the Royal arms with a distinguishing mark which ought to be described in heralds' language if described at all. There are in this volume two flags, one marked "Persia," and the other "Shah of Persia." The former bears the lion and sun, which have become tolerably familiar to British eyes; the latter bears stars, crescents, a scimitar, and other symbols not easy to describe. The most simple flags are the best. An old writer on heraldry, from whom we have already quoted, says:—"Observe, that the plainer the coat, the nearer antiquity, and the simpler the form, the more gentle the person. Therefore labour to keep thy coat close girt to thee, which is the final cause of all coat-armour." The fleur de lys of old France was simple, and the oriflamme still more so. The tricolour is also simple. The flags of the German, Russian, and Austrian Empires are inconveniently complicated with eagles and other devices not easily discernible. The simplest of all flags is that of plain red, which is still borne by Morocco, although no longer the terror of the Mediterranean, and which a party in France would substitute for the tricolour. It is remarkable that the crescent and star are found not only on the flags of Turkey and Persia, but also on the banner of Buccleuch, which Scott has made so famous. We all remember the prophecy that the young heir of Buccleuch

Should tame the unicorn's pride,  
Exalt the crescent and the star.

The same devices were borne in banners on the field and in flags on shipboard. The raven of Norway was known and feared alike in the rivers and in the plains of the countries which the sea-kings invaded. "St. George's banner, broad and gay," has floated both from donjon tower and masthead of line-of-battle ship. Clan Alpine's pine waved equally over lake and fell. When the warder of Branksome looked forth from his tower, he did not need a pair of spectacles and a book of heraldry to distinguish enemies from friends. The white lion of Howard on the one side and the bloody heart of Douglas on the other were easily seen and known. Naval colours are required sometimes to disclose, and at other times to disguise, national character, and for either purpose it is convenient to use something that can readily be recognized. The use of standards and the whole science of heraldry as thereon depending is derived by the learned in this science from the East. We read in the Book of Numbers:—"Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by their own standard with the ensign of their father's house." The writer who quotes this text tells us in the next paragraph that at the siege of Troy Hector bore on his surcoat of silk "sable two lions combatant or." This information was probably derived from the same source as was open to Shakespeare when he brought the tale of Troy upon the stage. Alexander the Great, says the same authority, bore a lion rampant, and the ancient Persians a bow and quiver. If heraldry came from the East, it is not wonderful that military titles should have followed. We exhibited the fleet at Spithead to the Shah as the most national of all sights, but he might have reminded the Admiralty who entertained him that the title which they bear is Arabic. If the Shah is not King of Kings, the First Lord of the Admiralty is certainly Lord of Lords. Eutychus, Patriarch of Alexandria, writing in the tenth century, calls the Caliph Omar Amīrol Mūminin, which he translates Imperator Fidelium. Thus both the name of admiral (el emir) and the cross which he bears upon his flag came from the East. The Union Jack and the tricolour of France are combinations of the same "three bright colours, each

divine"; but the French flag was invented at a time when Christianity had been temporarily superseded. England has walked steadily in the old path, and her fleet has sailed under the cross as long as it had a masthead from which it could fly an ensign. During many centuries, whatever other banners were carried by English armies, the banner of St. George was always foremost in the field. It was not without significance that the lion of the Kings of England, which was the emblem of strength, followed the cross of the nation, which was the emblem of faith.

#### HONOUR IS SATISFIED.

IT is difficult to write seriously of the duel between MM. Paul de Cassagnac and Ranc. Modern French duels are hardly ever mortal, unless some blunderer happens to be involved in a quarrel, as was the case when an Englishman named Dillon was killed a few years ago. He had never had any lesson in fencing until after the challenge had been given and accepted; and it was said that his master taught him only one thing—namely, the guard which is technically called *tierce*. It has been often said that a slight knowledge of the use of the sword is worse than none, and that the best chance for a novice is to go in resolutely at his antagonist by the light of nature. Irishmen succeed in this plan in novels, but the odds would be heavily against them in an actual encounter. Happily the combatants of Monday last had had long practice, and neither was likely either to kill his antagonist or to be himself killed. It would have been safe to bet on this result, and perhaps the principal object of the duel was to obtain notoriety for the performers. O'Connell began his political career by a duel, but he fought with the pistol, which is much less manageable than the sword, and he killed his man. A report, apparently published on authority in the *Gaulois*, tells us that this duel had been expected for six or seven years. The performers had doubtless carefully rehearsed their parts, and were prepared to "satisfy honour" at a moderate expenditure of blood. The same sort of thing used to be done in a less pretentious way among ourselves. An extant handbill of the year 1709 contains a challenge and acceptance to meet and exercise at sword and dagger and other weapons. James Harris, master of the noble science of defence, who formerly rid in the Horse Guards, and had fought for a hundred and ten prizes, and never left a stage to any man, declares that he will not fail, God willing, to meet the brave and bold inviter George Gray, at the time and place appointed, desiring sharp swords, and from him no favour. We by no means suggest that this was a "put-up thing" between Messrs. Gray and Harris; but live and let live is a wholesome maxim in all trades. There would be much threatening, gesture, and clashing of steel, the spectators would feel that they had their money's worth, and Messrs. Gray and Harris would live to fight another day. Sometimes arrangements were made beforehand, as appears from a letter in the *Spectator* stating that the writer overheard two masters of the sword in an alehouse agreeing to quarrel on the next opportunity. The following dialogue ensued:—"Will you give cuts or receive?" "Receive." "Are you a passionate man?" "No, provided you cut no more nor no deeper than we agree." All this may have been said, and when not said it was implied; and if you change the weapon to the rapier, and the scene to a café, you will get a tolerably correct idea of the sort of tacit understanding on which duels among French journalists are now conducted.

The reporter says that "the slightest mistake would imperil the life of him who committed it"; and no doubt this is true, but the performers had been practising for six or seven years in order that they might not commit mistakes. We know nothing of the source to which they may have applied for instruction, but we do know that the art of fighting duels without serious results is taught in Paris, and we also know that if a party of two principals and four seconds go out to fight in the early morning, preparation for breakfast for six is usually made at an adjoining tavern. An eminent member of the English prize-ring was once heard to say that he was never so much injured in a fight but that he could do a good deal of harm to a beefsteak within twenty-four hours after the battle. If two strong men untrained and beery fight with fists, one of them may kill the other. But a fatal result hardly ever ensues from a scientific prize-fight. It is much the same with the bullies of the French press. One account represents that M. Gambetta was confident that his friend M. Ranc would kill M. de Cassagnac. We should have felt tolerably confident that he would not. The only redeeming feature of these political duels would be the possibility of occasionally getting rid of one of the parties to them. But this possibility is very remote. The space covered by the movements of the combatants was only eighteen yards, and there is a tradition that two fencing-masters began a duel at one of the gates of Hyde Park and finished at the other. Some of the best descriptions ever written of duels with the sword are to be found in Scott's novels. The feats of horsemanship which he makes his heroes perform are astonishing and incredible, but their performances with the sword are like pictures from actual life. One feels inclined to quote the duel in *Peveril of the Peak* in reference to M. Ranc and his friend M. Gambetta. Julian Peveril runs Long Tom Jenkins, the Duke of Buckingham's man-of-all-work, through the body, and the Duke, inquiring into the particulars of the combat, is informed that the hostile sword "fortunately avoided the vitals" of Long Tom Jenkins, to which the Duke answers "Damn his vitals!" That combat was fought in a street of London



in a ring formed by watermen. The recent duel, in which also the vitals of the combatants were avoided, appears to have been fought on turf, which is by no means suitable for a display of scientific fencing. It would have been more convenient, alike to performers and spectators, if a public room with a nicely boarded floor could have been engaged for the purpose. The arrangement for the neutralization of Luxemburg was lately mentioned by Mr. Gladstone as creditable to the diplomatic talent of Lord Derby. The authors of that arrangement will doubtless be gratified to learn that they have provided an arena for the gladiatorial exercises of French journalists. We do not quite understand why the performers took the trouble to travel to such a distant theatre, unless it was to give greater *éclat* to the performance. The present Government of France depends, according to the declaration of its chief, upon divine and military power for its support; and we question whether either of these powers need feel obliged to interfere with a duel between MM. de Cassagnac and Ranc, even if the interesting event should be announced to be "brought off" on French soil.

It must be owned that the journalists of Paris have not always avoided serious consequences in their duels. Dujarier was killed by Beauvallon, and it was said that Lola Montez, who was to be married to Dujarier, offered to take her lover's place, and would have fought Beauvallon with either sword or pistol, if she had been permitted. She was mistress of her weapons as well as of much else; while Dujarier could wield only the pen. In the trial which arose out of this duel Dumas appeared as a witness, and referring to his own dramatic writings, received from the President of the Court the retort which has become proverbial—"Il y a des degrés." Dumas stated that Dujarier came to his house and told him that he was going to fight a duel, and taking up a sword which lay in the room, Dumas saw that he did not know how to hold it. He advised Dujarier to choose pistols; but afterwards learning that Beauvallon was to be the opponent, retracted this advice, his motive being that, as Beauvallon was an expert swordsman, he would perceive Dujarier's incapacity and disarm him. Unfortunately Dujarier became aware of Dumas's motive, and, thinking his honour concerned, insisted on pistols. There was next an attempt to invite the interposition of Grisière, who was one of the first fencing-masters of the day, but this failed for the same reason. Dumas then sent Dujarier with his own son to a shooting gallery, where he made shockingly bad practice. It was his first duel and his last. Dumas was asked at the trial whether a swordsman of reputed skill could honourably exercise that skill upon a novice, and he evaded the question by remarking that there are "dark" swordsmen who practise elsewhere than in public rooms. Being pressed further he answered that, when you get upon the ground, questions of generosity and delicacy, which are very fine questions, disappear before the question of existence. The history of French duelling would furnish many amusing chapters. General Ornano was so good a shot that after the first fire he addressed his antagonist, General Bonnet, with the question, "What, sir, are you not dead?" It appeared that the ball had been turned by a five-franc piece in Bonnet's pocket, on which Ornano remarked, "Vous avez bien placé votre argent." An important branch of the business of the old fencing-masters was the teaching to a pupil some secret *coup* by which an opponent might be disabled. It is still possible to impart mysteries, or at least to pretend to do so; but one Parisian fencing-master would hardly undertake to show to another a new thing. The resources of a science which is necessarily finite must have been exhausted long ago. The really formidable fencers are the men who do common things with superior quickness and force. It is difficult for the most accomplished veteran to contend against the life and agility of youth. This was well seen in the year 1851 when Pons and Prevost, two of the best men of their time, came to London as an essential part of an exhibition of the results of civilization. Pons had carried a lance in the campaign of Moscow, and was therefore considerably over fifty years of age, while Prevost was in the prime of life. There has not been so good a match seen in London since; but as it cannot be doubted after this week's experience that the sword is an important agent in modern society, we shall expect that the best French artists in duelling will be invited to the International Exhibition. We observe with regret that the literary side of modern duelling has been inadequately developed. The writer in the *Gaulois* is a poor hand. He should take for his model the columns of *Bell's Life* during the palmy days of prize-fighting. Every movement of every round was pictured, so that the instructed reader could see the men as if he were on the ground. This style has now become obsolete, and perhaps the chief masters of it have been engaged as Special Correspondents of the daily newspapers, and have brought their power of close observation and accurate description to bear upon the movements of kings and emperors. "The duel had lasted fourteen minutes." This statement of the *Gaulois* is rather too much in the style of Falstaff's "whole hour by Shrewsbury clock." The writer could hardly be ignorant that a combat with swords could not be maintained with vigour and without pause for anything like that time. The combatants came up smiling, just like the pugilistic heroes of *Bell's Life*, but the picture of their movements is a mere daub. It is impossible to judge whether the performers in this, which is to our eyes a grotesque proceeding, will obtain applause or ridicule from Parisian society. We think that if Frenchmen cannot do without duels, they might at least fight upon their own soil. Luxemburg exists under a sort of

arrangement of the Great Powers of Europe, who may thus be regarded as keepers of ropes and stakes for the convenience of French gladiators. Perhaps Mr. Richard, or some other member of the Peace Party, would move an address to the Crown on the subject of applying arbitration to the quarrels of French journalists. Lord Granville might be instructed to write a despatch on the impropriety of turning Luxemburg into a cockpit.

#### SCULPTURE IN THE ACADEMY.

THE common verdict of inferiority which has been passed this year upon the picture galleries of the Exhibition does not seem to us to be deserved by the sculpture. This is not below the average—a low average it must be allowed—of recent years. If Mr. Foley, beyond comparison the best on the list of full Academician sculptors, as usual, is conspicuous by his absence, two or three of our least satisfactory artists are not obtrusively presented; and, considering the difficulty of this art, where there is so little middle ground between real excellence and complete failure, the number of pieces deserving more or less of praise, it will be seen, is fair. We should not expect more from any foreign contemporary Exhibition. Yet the unideal character of the art of the day, which has been of late the subject of so many criticisms, reveals itself here also in the fact that one of the most popular statues shown ostensibly belongs to that "realistic" school which is with justice held to be antagonistic to the loftier and more truly sculptural conception of the beautiful.

Portrait busts, although of course numerically the most important portion of the display, need not detain us long. If there be few of merit, those need not be surprised who do not take that Utopian view of art and its possibilities which secretly underlies the severe attitude towards English artists lately assumed by some of our critics. Really good portraiture—portraiture which adequately renders the most characteristic expression of a man, and places his best soul before the eyes—must always be a very rare thing. Even in painting it is so, with its comparatively larger range of expedients; how much more in sculpture! Thus if with two or three genuine portraitists in marble, we have a crowd who supply the inevitable demand in a manner which, if satisfactory to the sculptor, must be satisfactory to him alone, we pronounce no severe criticism in duly pointing out the fact. The demand seriously outruns the supply of ability. Only a secret wonder must be reserved why, when this manifestly is so, sitters and their friends do not take warning by the state of the market, and refrain from an annual waste of money on wares which have no artistic right to existence.

Under the above head we must class three busts by Mr. Williamson—Sir W. S. Maxwell (1439), Mrs. Norton (1421), and Lady Roslyn (1426); all poor and empty pieces of work, with little rendering of character or technical skill. Mr. Boehm's terra-cotta of Mr. Whistler (1410) is feeble and convulsive; his marble bust of Lord H. Russell (1515) tame and heavy. M. Carpeaux has an unsatisfactory head of M. Gounod (1415), which he does not redeem by work in the inventive direction; his "Spring" in the Central Hall being a disagreeable piece of crude naturalism. This artist once promised better things—a category under which we cannot include some familiar exhibitors—Mr. Theed (Sir A. Clifford and Sir H. Holland); Mr. Adams Acton (1573 and 1575); Mr. Durham (Model for the Lord Mayor); Mr. Brodie (Mrs. Heugh); Mr. Noble (1573); and Mr. Summers (Duke of Edinburgh). This last is "executed for the Art Gallery, Melbourne," where it will be a trial to the loyal memories of the inhabitants.

The "Lord Lonsdale" by Mr. Stephens (1566), though not carried far, brings us to a better class of art. A female head by Mr. Griffith (1418) is ladylike and pleasant; his other bust (1440) shows some character. Two by Messrs. Malempré and Thomas (1448 and 1450) also deserve notice; and there is a pretty, natural air about Mr. Handley's bust of a Child (1493). Several pleasing medallions in low relief are exhibited by Mr. Bruce-Joy. There seems to us to be in his work a tendency to prettiness and over-smoothness, perhaps almost inevitable in the material; but it has some real refinement and look of character. This sculptor's bust of Professor Adams (1583) also has merit. Mrs. Thorneycroft's medallion of a Lady (1595) should be noticed, and the likeness of Mrs. Anderson (1577), by the late Miss Durant—an artist whose life was unhappily not spared to do justice to her ability. Mr. Woolner's bust of Professor de Morgan (1549) shows much power and massiveness; the truth to nature which marks his work gives the surfaces a play of light and shadow, which in its turn communicates to the head the inestimable look of vitality. This quality, similarly obtained by the artist's mastery, distinguishes Mr. Butler's powerful bust of Mr. Pulling (1556). These two heads detach themselves at once from their neighbours in the row by their superior lifelikeness; and the effect is the more remarkable because both appear to have been executed under the great disadvantage and difficulty attending posthumous work.

Of monuments the display is singularly scanty. The figure of Sir G. F. Seymour, by Count Gleichen, is a fair specimen of the "recumbent" class—a style, to our thinking, recommended rather by its sentiment than its sculptural effectiveness. Wolfe's lines on Sir John Moore may have been present in the artist's mind when modelling the Admiral's figure; he lies in his cloak with a look of repose and of likeness to the living features. The treatment wavers between "realism" and "idealism," without exactly com-

binning them, and the modelling shows some indecision. More study seems to be here required. We must express a strong hope that the model for a monument to Lord Mayo by Mr. Forsyth (1487) does not represent a commission actually tendered. Although this artist has been not unfavourably known for mural or architectural sculpture, nothing that we have previously seen of Mr. Forsyth's has shown natural power or acquired training in any degree adequate to sculpture of the high monumental class; and this model promises only failure. A feeble Britannia and India (apparently) are seated back to back below the pedestal carrying a simple equestrian figure. It is obvious that there is nothing here beyond average churchyard ideas, and words are not required to prove the total inadequacy of the design to the commemoration of the honoured Viceroy.

The "Whewell," by Mr. Woolner (1516), takes its place, we suppose, in Trinity Chapel as a companion to the Macaulay exhibited some few years since. Whether as the representation of a more sculpturesque figure, or as the artist's maturer work, we should rank this as his highest achievement in the style. The action is simply that of a student breaking off from his book to enter upon argument—one characteristic enough of the late distinguished master—yet the whole figure has an air of such mobile vitality, that, like the famous old statue at Florence, one would expect it to answer if spoken to. This result, which testifies to what we might call the complete vitalization of the material, is due in part to the lively likeness in the head, in part to the perfect truth to natural form which underlies every part of the draperies, in part to the skilful arrangement of the lines. Every fold has its intention, and plays its portion, recognized or not, in the total effect. Dr. Whewell was a man who truly deserved a monument of this character, and the College which he served so faithfully may be congratulated on the addition of so grand a work to those which already have made their Antechapel famous in art, not less than in its associations. Let us remark on this statue, what applies to the Outram to be presently noticed, that the presence in each of modern dress in no serious way interferes with the grandeur and beauty of the respective designs. They have not the added advantage which the Greek sculptor hence obtained; but they are sufficient to prove that the so-called "impracticability" of modern costume is only a mode of expressing the inadequacy of a sculptor. The "realistic" and the "ideal" are so intimately blended, that the eye is neither offended by commonplace nor cheated by unreality. This is the true ideal of a personal monument.

It is a descent from this, the only conspicuous specimen of the "great style" in the Exhibition, to turn to the scanty group of ornamental work. Not that fair pieces are wholly absent; but those which are of ideal character lack force, and those with force lack poetry and elevation. These latter are the qualities the deficiency of which, however little regarded in the present day of general low aim in art, prevent us from fully endorsing the popular verdict on M. Dalou's otherwise meritorious "Paysanne" (1560). Terra-cotta, indeed, lends itself with peculiar facility to work of this "naturalistic" kind, with its abrupt angles and general raggedness of surface; yet the liveliness and feeling of M. Dalou's group would have lost nothing by a more poetical rendering. There are also some coarse touches—the mother's foot, the animal eagerness of the infant's mouth—touches true indeed to life, but, we will add, not true to the sphere of art, except art of a lower character than has been the artist's aim. Yet the arrangement of the figures and the mother's expression are so charming that M. Dalou has decidedly made good his claim to be looked on as a man of promise in a region where promise is rare. Naturalistic sculpture is, indeed, far below the "terribil via" of great art; yet it is desirable that we should have it at its best. Let us hope that he may follow the "better way," and not vex our eyes again with such figures as the "Music" and "Painting" (1528 and 1529), which are of an almost incomprehensible gainlessness in expression and attitude. His two other statuettes (1600 and 1601) have also little to recommend them.

There is some simplicity in Mr. Lawson's "Girl and Tortoise" (1467), although the treatment is too smooth; insipidity being the counter danger to coarseness in this branch of the art—witness Mr. Marshall's "Tali Players" (1538). This, however, has grace and understanding of the art; it is happier than Mr. Stephens's "Eve's Dream," of which the best point is that it renders the sleeper's uneasiness with truth. A little terra-cotta by Mr. McLean (1483) is a pleasing imitation of the antique. Mr. Halse's "Girl Sketching" (1506) is pretty, but, like Count Gleichen's figure, wavers in style between the "ideal" and the "naturalistic." Mr. Fuller, happily abandoning for once that showy and sensuous mythology by which he gained some reputation, has given us nature and expression, though not as yet fully mastered, in his pleasing figure of "Little Nell" (1543). It is much praise to have dealt with a subject of this nature with the good taste here shown.

Let us add a word of welcome to Mr. Foley's equestrian group of Outram—although placed without Academical walls—the most spirited recent work of the kind in the sculpture produced here, or, so far as we know, on the Continent. Highly as we have always rated Mr. Foley's ability, reckoning him indeed as one of the few, the very few, artist-sculptors in the true sense among us, we had not known that his art was likely to reach a point of such masterly animation. Yet, animated as the group is, it does not transcend the rule that repose is of the essence of sculpture. It is the momentary pause of arrested action which Mr. Foley has given, "the wave at the instant of bursting," as we have seen it somewhere characterized. What a difference between

this noble work—noble only because true at once to nature and to art—and the tameness of such an equestrian group as Chantrey's in Trafalgar Square, or the spasmodic pretension of the "Cœur de Lion" at Westminster! The least educated eye can unconsciously feel the contrast. We put this group quite in the first rank among its rivals. Only the prestige of the antique could rank it below the Aurelius of the Capitol. The modelling of the body and limbs of the famous "Colleone" horse at Venice is sharper and abler; but the figure there is unworthy of the bearer. Some small points may be observed in the Outram open to criticism. But, on the whole, considering what this arduous art has been in old days and is now elsewhere, we think that Englishmen (and the Academy also) may be well satisfied with a school which has produced in the same year two pieces so grand in style and so masterly in technical rendering as Woolner's "Whewell," and Foley's "Outram."

## REVIEWS.

JACOB BÖHME.\*

THE mystical shoemaker of Görlitz, who contrived to make his voice heard pretty clearly through the din of the Thirty Years' War though he wrote on subjects utterly unconnected with the day's politics, is now chiefly known in England through the medium of a translation of his chief works by the Rev. William Law, author of the once popular book, *A Serious Call to a Religious and Devout Life*. The translated works fill four quarto volumes, and are illustrated with plates which are not only exceedingly well executed, but curious to the highest degree, some of them elucidating the mysteries of the German Theosopher by virtue of a contrivance similar to that often employed in the construction of valentines, but much more elaborate—one plate, in some cases, opening eight or ten times to show symbolically the whole process (say) of the Fall and Regeneration of Man. Nothing corresponding to these plates is to be found in the German edition of Böhme; they seem to have been exclusively the work of the English translator, whose task, be it observed, was in every respect admirably executed.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the influence of Böhme was manifested in England by the writings of John Pordage, Thomas Bromley, and Jane Lead, which will still be found on the shelves of a certain class of theological booksellers. In France he had a more recent and more celebrated disciple, Saint-Martin. But nowhere did he acquire such high celebrity as that bestowed upon him by the leading German professors of philosophy about two centuries after his death. With Schelling and Hegel he was one of the mightiest precursors of modern metaphysics, and it is scarcely too much to say that he and the long-ignored Spinoza were lifted up about the same time, and by the same hands, to unanticipated glory. When Böhme had preached of an abyss (*Ungrund* or *Urgrund*) as the common source of good and evil, whence emanated discordant principles that were afterwards to be reconciled, he could scarcely fail to be recognized as an intellectual ancestor by the post-Kantian teachers. He has also no doubt another class of readers who, although in his time he was preached against as Antichrist, approach him as a writer of good books to be venerated as the *Pilgrim's Progress* is venerated here by most of the orthodox Dissenters. Such a class, however, has little influence over the world of independent thought, and it is to his speculative admirers that his new fame is to be solely attributed.

It is not our intention here to attempt a reduction of Böhme's widely dispersed thoughts into the dimensions of an outline. Even with a few hundred pages at command, it would be difficult to elicit a semblance of order out of the mass of chaos; the *rudis indigestaque moles*, consisting of theology, metaphysics, astrology, alchemy, and Cabbalism, thrown together in the most wondrous confusion. To the biography of Böhme we here chiefly confine ourselves, making use of a book compiled with singular industry and research by Dr. Fechner of Görlitz. To those of our readers who have not read this particular book we believe the information afforded will be entirely new. The Life prefixed to Law's translation is meagre in the extreme, and is evidently derived from the least trustworthy resources.

Jacob Böhme was born in 1575 at Altsiedenberg, a village near the small town of Seidenberg, in Upper Lusatia (Oberlausitz), situated on the borders of Bohemia. His parents were opulent persons, belonging to the better class of peasants; and, according to documentary evidence, his name may with equal plausibility be given in eight different shapes (e.g., Behem, Bohem, &c.), which, however, do not comprise the name "Behmen," accorded to him by his English admirers. His paternal grandfather Ambrosius owned a considerable estate, and held the municipal office of *Gerichtschöppe* (assistant judge). His father, also named Jacob, was the sixth of Ambrosius's seven children, and the youngest son; and he himself was the fourth in a family of five, to which Jacob senior, by virtue of a second marriage, added three daughters. On the death of Ambrosius in 1563 his estate descended by law to his youngest son, Jacob senior, who bought out the other heirs at the price of six hundred marks. From this somewhat obscure

\* Jakob Böhme. Von Dr. Hermann Adolph Fechner. Görlitz: Oberlausitzische Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften. 1857.



record we may conjecture that something like the law of Borough-English prevailed in Lusatia, accompanied by a recognition of some claim on the side of elder children. These dry facts, though they relate to a number of very obscure persons, are so far interesting that they are opposed to a common opinion that the Theosopher sprang from the lowest depths of poverty. This opinion is derived from Abraham von Franckenberg, the most elaborate of Jacob's biographers. He was an ardent admirer of the inspired shoemaker, and the account of his life which he wrote in Latin in the year 1637, and which was afterwards translated into German, is the authority commonly used when information respecting Böhme is desired. Nevertheless his authority loses much weight when we find that he did not become acquainted with the Theosopher until 1623, that all he knew about Jacob's early life was obtained through conversation held in that and the following year; and moreover that his information was not committed to paper till about thirteen years afterwards. It should be added that Franckenberg always shows a decided predilection for the marvellous, laying himself open to the suspicion that he would instinctively attribute an event rather to a miracle than to a natural cause. There is something that smacks of the patriarchal days of Israel in the story that, while Jacob Böhme was tending his father's cattle on the Landskrone, the mountain opened before him and he was favoured with his first vision; but Dr. Fechner, who knows all about the country, quietly observes that the Landskrone is about four leagues distant from Altsiedenberg; and, far from being open for common pasturage, it belonged at the end of the sixteenth century to the municipality of Görlitz. The combination of a desire to extol the spiritual worth of Böhme with a wish to depreciate his social status is very natural. The more abject the ignorance of the prophet, the more unquestionable is the value of the supernatural gift.

The fact is, our information respecting Jacob's early days is most scanty. He was sent by his parents to the town-school at Seidenberg, and there received what was considered a good plain education, chiefly because it was understood that, on account of his delicate health, he could not pursue the calling of his father, but must become a tradesman. In his fourteenth year (1589) he was apprenticed to a shoemaker in Seidenberg, and after becoming a journeyman, and going through the prescribed "Wanderjahr," he settled down (1599) as a master of his craft in Görlitz, and shortly afterwards took to himself a wife, by whom he had six children, and with her lived in uninterrupted felicity for five-and-twenty years. It is a great mistake to regard him as a mere dreamer. For a long time he worked hard at his trade, and in about eleven years (1610) had saved up enough to buy a house. When, however, his fame as an inspired writer had been established among an aristocratic clique (of whom anon), he gave up business and relied on the assistance of his newly acquired friends. The supplies, though liberal, were not always sufficiently prompt to meet the demands of an honest man with a wife and five children; so he was forced now and then to have recourse to some material work, and for several years made woollen gloves, some of which he sold to the peasantry of the district, while with the rest he paid a yearly visit to the market-place at Prague. On one of these occasions he witnessed the triumphant entry of the unfortunate Elector-Palatine Frederick into the capital of Bohemia, in 1619, and recorded the fact in a letter still extant. Another letter, written three years afterwards, refers to the horrors of the Thirty Years' War.

By this time he had advanced in theosophy, for in a letter to a friend written in May 1621 (or 1622) he gives a list of his principal works as already in existence, and his earliest book, called *Aurora*, was the result of twelve years' meditation. The observation of the mixture of good and evil in the world seems first to have set him a-thinking. He fell into a heavy sadness, as he tells us in the book just named, when he beheld "the great deep of the world, also the sun and stars, also the clouds, the rain, and the snow, and contemplated in spirit the whole creation of this world." Therein he found in all things, animate and inanimate, in wood and stone as well as in man and beast, evil and good, anger and love. When he reflected further on the "little spark" man, and considered what might be his relation to the Universe, and found that in this world the goddess thrive as well as the pious, and that barbarous nations occupied the best countries, he became more melancholy than ever; and he believes that at this crisis the Devil filled him with heathenish thoughts, which, however, he forbears to communicate. After a severe struggle, the description of which exactly corresponds to the "wrestling in prayer" familiar to our Methodists, his spirit burst through the gates of hell to be received into the "innermost birth of the Deity" (*die innerste Geburt der Gottheit*), and this triumph resembled a resurrection from the grave.

In this light [he proceeds] has my spirit forthwith seen through everything, and in all creatures discovered God, who He is and how He is, and what His will is; and forthwith in this light my will was mightily impelled to describe the Divine Essence (*das Wesen Gottes*).

That, in the belief of Böhme, his theosophy, which comprised theology, metaphysics, and a sort of natural science, was immediately derived from Divine inspiration, there is no doubt; but his frequent assertion that his knowledge does not come from man must not tempt us to the conclusion that he never read the works of other authors, or was entirely free from their influence. In his letter of May 1621 he comments on the opinions of other thinkers, especially Valentin Weigel, who was more than thirty

years his senior, and with whom and Paracelsus he is frequently classed.

At the time of which we are now speaking only two forms of Christianity were legally tolerated in Lusatia—namely, the Roman and the Lutheran Churches, which were frequently allied with each other during the Thirty Years' War against the Calvinists, whom they regarded as a common enemy. Crypto-Calvinists, who attended the Lutheran service and agreed to the Lutheran ritual of baptism, and also, from one of their early leaders, were sometimes called "Schwenkfelder," were so far negatively heterodox that they avoided the Lord's Supper. They chiefly consisted of the nobility of the rural districts, who, thrown out of their old sphere of activity by improvements in the art of war which rendered their military services in a great measure useless, and by suppression of the robberies in which they had once indulged, had betaken themselves to theology and literature, seasoned now and then with a little alchemy. That the Crypto-Calvinists could have been at all admirable in the eyes of the open Calvinists of Scotland or Geneva we may naturally doubt. It is certain that, although Böhme remained true to the Lutheran Church, which hated him to the end of his days, his illumination no sooner became known than the Crypto-Calvinists, the theosophers, the alchemists, and the prophets gathered round him as round a common banner, and regarded him as a source of heavenly light. Among the populace, and even the tradesmen of the town, he had no adherents whatever; and it is worthy of note that the names of the sponsors to his children, who belonged to that class, are not mentioned in any of his numerous letters. His patrons were exclusively aristocratic and professional, a few physicians of the school of Paracelsus numbering themselves among his pupils, chiefly on the supposition that they had found a brother alchemist. The nobles were apparently more wholesome company than the doctors, for it was through his intercourse with the latter that he fell upon a notion of an odd sort of philology, which combines the theory that there is a natural connexion between verbal sounds and the things to which they refer with the patriotic belief that the German tongue is the one in which the association between sound and sense was most clearly expressed. Let him not, however, be accounted an early father of that comparative philology which is so widely cultivated at the present day. He simply represents a mongrel branch of Cabbalism, which prescribes the chopping into syllables of certain German words, and attaching a distinct meaning to each of the separated particles. We have a notable instance of the method in his second work, the *Three Principles*, where he thus discourses of the German word *Himmel* (Heaven):—

The syllable "*Him*" proceeds out of the heart, as out of the form of the Father, or out of the soul's essences, and puts forth upwards into the *Ternarium-Sanctum*; then it compresses itself with both lips, and brings down the angel's name, inasmuch as the syllable "*Mei*" denotes the humility of angels, that they do not exalt their heart, flying with pride into the Trinity; but, as Isaiah says, &c.

Of such deep meaning is the simple fact that the short vowel "*i*," impelled by the aspirate, is checked in its course by the labial "*m*," which is followed by the obtuse "*e*." That stuff of this sort, whereby anything may be made to signify anything, can in no way advance the cause of science, we need not explain, and unfortunately stuff of this sort is very largely to be found in the pages of our Theosopher. Such passages are the most damaging element in his works, for they sorely tempt even an expectant reader to fling aside books in which the oracular teacher seems anxious to proclaim himself "no philosopher at all," after the most approved fashion of Pope's parrot.

At the head of Böhme's noble friends stood, perhaps, Karl von Ender, to whom many of his letters are addressed, and who, having read the *Aurora* with delight, had it copied at once, and circulated it largely among his acquaintance. To his name many others are to be added, and it may be surmised that he not only taught but learned much from his patrons, who were all more or less liberal and enlightened, and distinguished themselves in an intolerant age as the upholders of toleration. The opinion has, indeed, been expressed that Jacob, far from being an original thinker, was merely the mouthpiece of others; but this depreciation seems to have been excessive, since on the authority of Hegenicht, one of his most trustworthy biographers, it was never doubted during his lifetime that he was really the writer of the works that bear his name. In contributing to his creature comforts Böhme's noble friends were most valuable. He often resided for weeks upon their estates, and when at home was liberally assisted by them with money and articles in kind, which through the pressure of the war could only with difficulty be purchased.

Toleration was not, however, generally prevalent in Görlitz, where the mob consisted for the most part of orthodox Lutherans, who dreaded nothing so much as a union with Calvinism, whatever that word might denote. A great man among the clerical chiefs of the populace was their "Pastor primarius," Gregorius Richter, in a battle with whom the theosophical shoemaker was engaged during many years of his life. One of the copies of the *Aurora*, industriously circulated by Karl von Ender, had fallen into his hands, and he made it the theme of abusive discourses from the pulpit, greatly to the surprise of the author, who did not know how he had incurred so much animosity. In the course of July 1613 the outcry against Böhme had become so violent, in consequence of the stimulants administered by Richter, that the Municipal Council, seeing that there was imminent danger of a

riot, felt obliged to take cognizance of a matter which it would gladly have ignored. The Councillors, it should be observed, were the least fanatical men of the town, and when on the 26th of July Jacob was summoned before them, it was with the view, not of persecuting, but of protecting him. After an examination he was dismissed, having handed over to the Council the MS. of his *Aurora*, which was safely locked up, and having promised to abstain from authorship in future. The forfeiture of his MS. did not greatly affect him, since, as we have said, there were other copies of the book in circulation; but the prohibition against writing more was a heavy affliction, inasmuch as, convinced of the sanctity of his mission, he felt that, in obeying man, he was rebelling against a higher authority. At last, urged by his friends, he resumed his theosophical labours, and towards the end of 1619 had sent the greater portion of his *Three Principles* to Karl von Ender. The difficulty caused by this act of disobedience would possibly have been overlooked had not his noble friends the Herren von Schweinichen caused two of his treatises, which afterwards formed a portion of the collection headed the "Way to Christ" (*Der Weg nach Christo*), to be actually printed in 1623. By this act of covert rebellion the wrath of the Pastor Primarius was awakened anew, and he denounced Jacob, not only as a fanatic, but as a drunkard, who imbibed brandy all day except when he varied it with beer and wine. Richter himself had not the best character for sobriety, and the shoemaker was able to repay him in his own coin:—

The Herr Primarius [remarks Jacob] says that I am fond of drinking foreign wine and brandy. There he judges me by himself, thinking that others do as he does. No; we poor people can't afford wine, we must put up with a drink of beer, if we can even get that. The Herr Primarius, forsooth, must have his foreign wines, if we little people must content ourselves with something weaker. We can see by the wine-blossoms on his face that he drinks stronger wine than I do; for no such spots are to be found on mine. He drinks more foreign wine in a week than I do in a year; but I know where the shoe pinches. He knows that by the Divine Ordinance I am often invited to the houses of great nobles, and therefore he thinks that when we meet, we sit tipping together, just as he does with his companions.

This choice little passage is enough to show that Böhme could write with unquestionable perspicuity on occasion. That he was proud of his high company will be seen more clearly presently.

The little printed book which had brought him into trouble is one of the least characteristic of his works. The Councillors before whom it was laid rather liked it than otherwise, and even many citizens of the better sort regarded it with admiration. But the rabble of Görlitz were under the leadership of the indefatigable Richter, and the poor shoemaker had no sooner returned home from a visit to one of his noble Silesian friends, Herr Hans von Schweinichen, than in March 1624 he was again summoned before the Council, who were merely doing their best to please all parties. He confessed the authorship of the book, but pleaded that he was innocent of the printing. A mild warning that he should settle elsewhere at his earliest possible convenience was the result of the proceedings.

At the period when these events occurred the Lusatian provinces had recently been pawned by the Emperor to the Elector of Saxony, who was then their sovereign prince. Now the fame of Böhme, greatly increased by the persecutions of Richter, had reached the Saxon Court. The higher clergy thought that a shoemaker who had written a book was a sight worth seeing, and the report that he was a dangerous heretic, in a fair way to become an heresiarch, was certainly not of a kind to damp curiosity. Alchemy was also in fashion, and the Elector (John George I.) maintained a physician, who was also an alchemist, to superintend his laboratory. An invitation from Benedict Hinkelmann, the Court Alchemist, who regarded Jacob as a brother craftsman, was most welcome to him; for though the official prosecution was little more than nominal, he was so frequently mobbed and hooted in the street that his spirit was nearly broken. On the 9th of May he set off for the Court of Dresden, where he was hospitably received by Hinkelmann, and became the nine-days' wonder of all the courtiers, who read his little book with avidity. *Der Weg nach Christo* is altogether free from the peculiarities which shine out in the earlier works, and the most pious clergymen failed to discover wherein its heresy consisted. The most important event that occurred to Böhme during his sojourn at Dresden was his formal "Colloquy" with the Upper Consistorial Court in the presence, some say, of the Elector. Unfortunately there is very scanty information respecting this Colloquy, so little indeed that sceptics have been found to doubt whether it was ever held at all. Dr. Fechner arrives at the conclusion that, though the date of the meeting is not accurately known, the Colloquy certainly did take place, albeit not in the presence of the Elector. It resulted in what may be called the acquittal of Böhme, and a disapproval of the conduct of the Primarius expressed by high authorities. But there was one mystery which the Theosopher could not penetrate—namely, the law by which fashion is regulated. Petted for several weeks, and elated by his triumph over his adversary, he thought of residing at Dresden on a handsome competence, held in high respect for the rest of his days. But it had been discovered that he could not make gold; and, utterly forgotten by his Dresden friends, he returned to Görlitz, where, during his absence, his windows had been broken by the mob at the instigation of the Primarius. He again visited his old friends; but after a few months was sent home dangerously ill, and desired to receive the Sacrament in the Lutheran form. His persecutor Richter had died some time before—namely, on the 24th August, 1624—but the spirit of persecution was not

extinct, and the last offices were but unwillingly performed by the clergy. Before the Sacrament was administered he was severely examined as to his orthodoxy, and the questions and answers that were respectively put and given on the occasion are recorded with the signature of the minister. Early in the evening of the 17th November, 1624, he expired, his last words having been "Now I go into Paradise."

#### HADDAN AND STUBBS'S COUNCILS AND ECCLESIASTICAL DOCUMENTS.—VOL. II.\*

WE cannot open this volume without a feeling of sadness, as we think that it is a posthumous work of the great scholar who had taken it in hand. It will be remembered that the first and the third volumes of the series have been already published, but that the second, on which Mr. Haddan was engaged, was kept back on account of his weak state of health. "When," says Professor Stubbs, "in 1871, the third volume of this work was published, a hope was entertained that the second, which had been delayed by the illness of the editor, might soon follow it. The death of Mr. Haddan," he adds, "by which the whole Church of England suffers a severe loss, has summarily disappointed that expectation." The loss of such a man as Mr. Haddan, a scholar of the true breed, one as far as might be unlike the courtly and popular pretenders of the day, one who loved learning for its own sake, and who gave himself up to seek after learning with equal industry and acuteness, is indeed one which it will be hard to make up. And when we see that such a man as this remained up to his death the hard-working pastor of a poorly endowed parish, when the highest title that can be put in his title-page is the dreary sham of "Honorary Canon of Worcester," we are inclined to cry out against the disposers of English Church preferment. It is for men like Mr. Haddan that Deaneries and Canonries are meant, but it is not to men like Mr. Haddan that they are commonly given. Rectors of large parishes who find their work too light for them, College Heads who have not any work at all, Professors whose incapacity is detected, sometimes by their hearers, sometimes by themselves, find such things to be nice bits of plurality which are very convenient for filling the pocket. Such men are not only promoted once, but are moved on and on from stall to stall, as may be most comfortable. But to apply such things to their right end, to give a great ecclesiastical scholar the means of carrying on his studies—we believe we might say of saving his life—is of course not to be thought of. Only we should like to know what are the feelings of those who divide the comfortable revenues of Christ Church and Westminster and Rochester, when they think that Mr. Haddan died an "Honorary Canon," and that one of the preferments of which they receive the revenues as mere appendages to duties elsewhere would probably have saved so valuable a life for English scholarship.

In Mr. Haddan's former volume, the first of the series, he brought together all that is really known about the ancient British Church. In so doing he scattered to the winds a mass of dreamy talk which had done much to confuse our early history. His most important argument was negative; he showed how very little there was to know. But when a vast shadowy superstructure has been piled up upon no foundation at all, this negative service is the most valuable that can be done. In the present half-volume he has carried on his inquiries through the other Celtic parts of our island, where we may call Scotland and its appurtenances, British Strathclyde and English Lothian. Did anybody ever ask himself why the two archiepiscopal provinces of England differ so widely in extent; why Canterbury rules over so much wider a territory than York? The cause is simply that, while Canterbury has contrived to establish and maintain its authority over all the lands to which it ever laid claim in theory, the greater part of the lands to which York laid claim in theory has contrived to escape from its authority. The theoretic claims of Canterbury took in Wales, and Canterbury did conquer Wales. The theoretic claims of York took in Scotland, but York never could conquer Scotland. It not only could not conquer the proper Scotland; but as the Scottish name and power advanced, and took in a good deal of what had been England, the borders of the York province actually fell back. In the original conception of things, Eadwinesburgh by the Forth, the most northern fortress of England, was part of the most northern diocese of England, that of Lindisfarne or Durham. As the land between Tweed and Forth came to be reckoned Scottish, the English Bishop and his Metropolitan lost this portion of their territory. To the west too the old Northumbrian diocese of Whithorn or Candida Casa also gradually became Scottish ground, and fell off from its English allegiance. The only one of the distant suffragan sees of York which showed any zeal for its metropolis was the Scandinavian Church of Orkney. And that was doubtless because it was Scandinavian and not Scottish. As Scotland never came in, as Lothian and Galloway fell away, as Orkney was transferred to the metropolitan jurisdiction of Trondhjem, York was cut short indeed. The latter part of the present volume is largely taken up with disputes about the jurisdiction of York over Scotland, just as a large part of the first volume was taken up with disputes about the jurisdiction of Canterbury over Wales. It is

\* *Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland*. Edited, after Spelman and Wilkins, by Arthur West Haddan, B.D., and William Stubbs, M.A. Vol. II., Part I. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1873.



only the result which was different in the two cases. The long dispute which the controversial vigour of Giraldus has made famous ended in the overthrow of any traces of the ecclesiastical independence of Wales, while the last document in the present volume is the Bull of Clement the Third which established the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland.

Two stories then, in their formal aspect, are the same, with this wide difference in their result. But we must not forget one important practical difference between the two cases; the relations between the English Church and the Northern Celts were in one important point very different from the relations between the English Church and the Western Celts. Canterbury did not in any sense or in any degree get its Christianity from the Briton, while York very largely got its Christianity from the Scot. Add too that the succession of the Metropolitan Bishops of Canterbury went steadily on from the beginning under Augustine, while the York succession was interrupted almost as soon as it began, and the metropolitan position of the Church of York was not for some time fully established. Altogether the Northern metropolis has been much less lucky than the Southern; but it is worth remembering that it started in theory from the same point, and that they were meant to divide the Isle of Britain equally between them.

Mr. Haddan begins with the Northern British Church, that of Cumberland or Strathclyde. He treats this in the same way as he did in the first volume, beginning with a chronological summary, then giving the documents with such notes as he deems needful, and lastly appendices carefully recording all existing monuments, such as inscriptions and the like, which bear upon the matter. For the early history of Cumberland, the most perplexing part, we do not hesitate to say, of all British history, Mr. Haddan finds exceedingly little to put together. But, as in the case of the Southern Britain, it is something to know how very small our real materials are. Then comes the second period, from the beginning of the tenth century to the end of the twelfth, marked by the rise of the see of Carlisle, and the gradual separation of the sees of Glasgow and Galloway or Whithorn from the jurisdiction of York. This however went on longer in the case of Galloway than in that of Glasgow. For Galloway was not mentioned in the list of Churches separated from York by Clement the Third, and it may be remembered that in the Register of Archbishop Walter Grey, which we reviewed some months back, there was still a good deal about the relations between the Churches of York and Whithorn.

This part of Mr. Haddan's work is strictly a continuation of the former volume in which he dealt with Welsh matters. It winds up the history of the British Churches in Wales, Cornwall, and Cumberland. But before he leaves this branch of the Celtic race, he has a division of the "British Churches abroad." First comes the Armorican Church, which leads to the famous dispute between the Churches of Tours and Dol as to the claim of Dol to Metropolitan rank. A dispute in which Gregory the Seventh and William the Conqueror took a part comes within the range of general history. This controversy, which of course was in the end settled in favour of the Frankish metropolis, was part of the same story as the like controversies between the Celtic and English Churches in British. The metropolitan claims of Dol are the exact parallel to the metropolitan claims of St. David's. With the Scottish case the parallel is less exact, as no Church in Scotland made any claim to metropolitan rank till long afterward.

But Dol and its fellows—we suppose we must not say its suffragans—do not form the only case of British Churches beyond the sea. The diligence of Mr. Haddan has found out a British Church in Spain, that of Bretoña in Galicia, which is spoken of in the acts of the early Spanish Councils as "Ecclesie que sunt inter Britones." In 830 the city was destroyed by the Saracens, and the see seems to have merged into that of Oviedo. We should like to know how many scholars of our day beside Mr. Haddan and his colleague would have been able to fish up such a fact as this. But this is not all. Mr. Haddan takes occasion to find out other British settlements on the Continent, and to discuss the "Brittania" and the "Britannia" of Procopius. Then, with all this, we have a record of every early monument in Cumberland and in Brittany, and of every British saint who appears in Armorica. Mr. Haddan did indeed go thoroughly into his subject.

But the greater part of the volume is devoted to the ecclesiastical history of the proper Scotland and of that part of Northern England which gradually came to be merged in it. Here we have all the documents, historical notices, monuments, and references of every kind, from the first vague mention of Christianity among the Picts in the year 400, till the final separation of the Scottish Churches—Galloway, of course, not being reckoned—from the obedience of York in 1188. The first period, before St. Columba, has no documents to show, and all the notices of it come in less than a page. Yet the period is not without existing monuments; for, to mention no other, it takes in the famous Catstane, which Mr. Haddan duly enters in his list, but does not even stop to refute the belief that it commemorates a genuine grandson of Woden. In the next period Mr. Haddan comes across the Culdees, about whom controversialists on one side and another have had so many dreams, but of whom Mr. Haddan, who writes in the interest, not of controversy, but of truth, makes rather short work. The true spelling, it seems, is "Keledei," that is, according to the more probable derivation, "Servi Dei." We understand therefore that Mr. Haddan rejects the derivation from "Cultores Dei," and—though we tremble a little at venturing ourselves where we may get lost in an Irish bog—that he takes the first

syllable to be that "Gille" which is found in so many proper names, and with which some people are to this day familiar in the form of *gilly*. Keledei, Mr. Haddan says, were first heard of in Ireland in 792, and the word was "at first merely an Irish appellation for a monk (Céle-dé), and is first found as the name of a monk of a special and more strict rule, differing however in no way whatever from the doctrine and ordinary discipline of the then Church." In some later cases the word seems to have meant something more like secular canons living according to rule of Chrodegang. They are first heard of in Scotland about 800, and about 1150 they began to give way to monks and canons of the usual orders under the Anglicizing influence of David. Traces of them however are found as late as the middle of the fourteenth century, and it may be something to know that grants to the Keledei of Loch Leven are among the few historical acts of those two grossly calumniated persons, King Macbeth and his pious wife Gruoch.

We need hardly say that Mr. Haddan's collection of Scottish ecclesiastical matter has an interest which is by no means purely Scottish or purely ecclesiastical. More than half of this volume is really made up of materials for the history of the formation of the kingdom of Scotland—a formation which of course includes a large dismemberment of England and the swallowing up of the outlying Northern Wales. There is no department of the history of Great Britain on which such a collection as this does not throw light. The book is as wonderful in its workmanship as it is wonderful in its results. The combined industry and acuteness with which Mr. Haddan knew both how to find out and how to make use of every scrap of knowledge in any quarter which could in any way bear upon the subject, has often made us wish to see how Mr. Haddan would have succeeded in direct historical narrative. It is sad to think that that hope can now never be gratified, but it is also some comfort to think that his work is left in the hands of the only living Englishman capable of carrying it on.

#### ADAMS'S NEW BRUNSWICK.\*

HAD all our officers of either service the intellectual energy and cultivated taste of Mr. Leith Adams, there would be no more complaints of the tedium of up-country or foreign stations, or of the hopeless monotony of a voyage by sea. The love of nature and the ardour for accumulating knowledge would seldom fail to find material for beguiling the traditional ennui of country or colonial quarters, whilst the desire for increased familiarity with natural objects would grow with what it fed on. Over two-and-twenty years with the 22nd (Cheshire) Regiment have given Mr. Adams scope for exercising his knowledge and industry as a naturalist on a wide and most varied scale, and he has a right to speak as one of authority as to the spell which lies in pursuits of this pure and elevating class to beguile the ills of climate or social seclusion or professional stagnation. He has been always at work in his wanderings to and fro. He has made observations in India and Thibet, the Nile Valley, and the Maltese Islands, and he has brought back with him no less thoughtful or instructive jottings from his rambles by field and forest in the comparatively little known and unbacked regions of Eastern Canada. Without pretending to the compilation of an exhaustive or systematic treatise on the natural history of New Brunswick, his diligent labours in field work have enabled him to bring together a mass of valuable, and in many respects novel, facts in illustration of the physical features, the zoological, vegetable, and geological wealth, and even the ethnological characteristics of that portion of the Canadian Dominion. It is especially in what naturalists call field studies that the least has been done by scientific labourers in the New World. For, although almost every animal and plant and rock has been precisely named, classified, and described, very little, as our author pleads, is known of their geographical distribution, dependent as this knowledge must be upon correlating and harmonizing the labours of local and independent observers. Here the knowledge of botany, physiology, and chemistry, combining with that of human anatomy to make up the curriculum of a medical education, has stood our author in good stead, as the varied nature of his observations amply proves. Even as bearing upon the elucidation of obscure and puzzling forms of disease, with their causes and remedies, the study of the grand principles of the structure and functional agencies of the lower organisms, as well as of surface geology and even mineralogy, has its place among the inquiries of the physician. A glance at the natural history map of New Brunswick which Mr. Adams has prefixed to his work will show the multifarious and comprehensive research which he has bestowed upon his subject. The distribution of beasts and fishes—the bear, the beaver, the lynx, the mink, the many kinds of salmon, sea and lake trout, the herring, the cod, the oyster, the lobster—will be seen at once. Coal seams are indicated by black lines, and arrows point out the directions of glacial scorings. Nor are the tides omitted, rising in the instance of the narrow bight of Minas basin to the unparalleled maximum of 53 feet. Ancient Indian kitchen middens have their sites specially marked along the coasts and islets, as near St. George and St. Andrews, at the terminus of the Woodstock Railway, on Deer Island, Campo Bello, and the Grand Manon. In a district where the Stone age can hardly be said to

\* *Field and Forest Rambles; with Notes and Observations on the Natural History of Eastern Canada.* By A. Leith Adams, M.A., M.B., F.R.S., &c., Staff Surgeon-Major. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

have passed away, the study of palæolithic implements and weapons is attended with peculiar interest, while the habits, modes of living, and physical aspect of the Stone folk of both Europe and America receive instructive illustration from the study of the existing races of this Northern region of the New World. Mr. Adams's remarks upon the native Indians and half-breeds whom he came across in his rambles, of specimens of whom he has made lifelike sketches, show both acuteness and sound sense. Whatever of romance or chivalry still lingered around the red skins whom Fenimore Cooper loved to draw for us has long ago vanished, and with it almost all hope of any thorough or permanent elevation of these tribes to civilization and brotherhood with the white population. The white man, however, should at least try to enable his poor brother, "whom his own imported vices have in the main brought to demoralization and doom," to die out in a respectable manner.

Mr. Adams's professional experience has enabled him to put on record valuable details touching the influence of a sub-frigid climate like that of New Brunswick upon the European settlers at large as well as upon the troops under his medical charge. To one newly arriving from Northern Europe there is something, he remarks, disappointing in the aspect of the middle-aged of both sexes. Instead of burly, well-nourished farmers in a land where the materials of good living so abound, sallow, weather-beaten countenances, and spare, sinewy frames predominate among men of forty, while the pallid faces of the women indicate often ten years in advance of their real age. Important causes in connexion with habits of life, food, and climate are here at work. Close stoves, salted provisions, ill-baked bread, even if not aided by alcoholic excess, combine with the natural vicissitudes of extreme and suddenly changing temperature to undermine the stamina of life. The most trying times of the year are the thaws of spring and the setting in of the cold months, at the rapid transit which passes for autumn. Consumption and other pulmonary diseases are most fatal at midsummer, after the variable weather. In winter pneumonia, the characteristic disease of the climate, is most prevalent. The deterioration in physique so much remarked upon in the existing settlers is traced by our author in part to the fact that the first immigrants and reclaimers of the woods were an exceptionally hardy and vigorous race, their successors feeling less demand upon their bodily energies; and in part also to sameness of food and the listlessness induced by extremes of climate. Closeness of intermarriage, especially among the French settlers, has brought about the most frightful evils. Elephantiasis, or Greek leprosy, has become a settled plague among these poor creatures. Nothing can well be more repulsive than the aspect of the group pictured here from the leper hospital of Tracadie. In a valuable appendix Mr. Adams furnishes convincing proofs from the records of this lazaretto connecting this shocking malady with the consanguinity of the inmates. That settlers of English origin had caught and died of this disease was a report the truth or falsehood of which he was unable satisfactorily to ascertain.

The migration of birds formed a prominent part of Mr. Adams's observations, and the facts he has set down are such as have much value for the naturalist. Following up the general principle, laid down by Professor Baird, referring the geographical distribution and periodical movements of the birds to the combined influence of climate and the physical characters of the continent, he divides North America into two grand ornithological regions, the Eastern or Atlantic, and the Western or Pacific region. His sketch-map of the continent shows how their respective lines of flight are determined by the set of the mountain ranges and the local elevation of the land, as well as by the shore-lines and valleys. A great advantage is possessed in these respects by the New World in the mountain chains, bays, rivers, and depressed lands having a northerly and southerly trend, instead of one from east to west like the Alps and the Mediterranean, across the track of the winged wanderers, as well as the migrations of land vertebrata or denizens of the sea. Enormous flocks of Canada and Brent Geese and other wild fowl pass over New Brunswick in spring and autumn to and from their breeding grounds north of the fiftieth parallel of North Latitude, the main body reaching Southern Florida by the end of October. Flights of golden plover have been observed to pass over the city of St. John like a cloud of locusts from dusk nearly throughout the night. Something like eighty species of North American birds are found choosing Cuba for winter quarters, that island and the Bahamas standing in much the same relation to these birds as Malta and Sicily do as resting places to the migratory birds of Europe. Perhaps the most striking fact is that of the humming-bird being born so far North, and winging its way alone to Mexico and the West Indies. Its instinct in this respect must be regarded, Mr. Adams reasons, as inherited, these tiny birds not being gregarious. A drawing of one of these lovely harbingers of spring, the ruby-throated humming-bird, from the master-hand of Mr. Gould, appropriately embellishes the title-page. Well may a naturalist like our author dwell with ecstasy upon the beauties and the winning ways of these delicate creatures as they flit among the orchises, the peach blossoms, or their favourite currant flowers, to the discomfort of their scarcely tinier rivals, the humble bees, the males chasing each other in courtship of the more plainly attired female. Mr. Adams never found their nests, although he has watched a pair for hours. They build indeed, he says, in gardens and orchards, affecting the same fruit tree for years, the nest having been seen by some observers built upon the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, disguised by a covering of moss. The dull green of the female forms a protection from the eye of birds

of prey. The purple and the cliff swallow are said to have been unknown in Eastern America until shortly before the Revolutionary War—an instance of the influence of civilization on the distribution of birds. They are now regular summer visitors along the Bay of Fundy. None of the swallow tribe lag much beyond the end of August in the more inland districts, barely remaining three months in the country.

The effects of abnormally cold seasons both upon animal and vegetable life furnish many interesting particulars to an observer from more temperate climes, while the grand traces of glacier action open a field of inexhaustible inquiry to a geologist. Experience of the still more stupendous phenomena of the Himalayas has been of service to our author while speculating on the significance of glacier markings and boulder deposits as evidences of the height and distribution of the ice masses of a former period. To the theory of icebergs and floating ice-islands as the cause of these flutings or depositions, as advocated by Dr. Dawson, Mr. Adams is strongly opposed, though admitting to a great extent the effect of the glacial sea, and of the gradual depression of the land at the close of the Glacial period. To his mind, having witnessed far grander phenomena from the Indian hills, it is no stretch of imagination to conceive a vast field of ice at one time pouring down the slope above St. George into the long fiord below, calving there its bergs, which floated away laden with rocks and debris. That the whole, or a tithe even, of New Brunswick and Northern America was wholly submerged he has no belief, albeit a depression to some extent undoubtedly took place. With reference to the vexed question of the opposite directions of striation on the rocks of the Saguenay River and elsewhere, who knows, he asks, whether there may not have been a centre or centres of dispersal far out in the present bed of the Atlantic, which sent their glaciers in opposite directions, as now seen in the case of the Alps and the Himalayas? The book abounds throughout with evidences of careful observation and thoughtful suggestiveness. Its completeness is greatly enhanced by a list of the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes of the province, in which the writer's own experience and study have been supplemented by the aid of scientific friends and the reports of official observers. The meteorological figures for a year will moreover be found of much service towards estimating the range and the effects of climate in a province which is so exceptional in many important respects.

#### PASCAREL.\*

NO one can deny that Ouida has a certain kind of power, and no one can grant her any kind of delicacy. Like the traditional *sapeur*, no subject is sacred to her, and she rushes into the heart of themes which better writers than herself and bolder thinkers fear to handle. She uses only the strongest and most violent colours for her work, and she lays them on with a trowel; of the harmony produced by half-tones and tender shading she knows nothing, and as little of delicate pencilling or suggestive indication. Everything with her is done with a barbaric lavishness of material the net result of which is a coarse and fatiguing glitter; but, though we know of no author who is so clever as she is in endowing intrinsically worthless elements with an appearance of richness, we know of none with equal pretensions who is content with such paltry materials. Her chief literary quality is a flux of words and her dominant characteristic audacity. If we analyse her rushing gorgeous sentences, full of sound and colour as they are, we find only some poor, meagre, little thought as the residuum; and even when her phrases are sentimental, the action of her stories too often appeals to a prurient taste. Her ideas are like an artist's lay figure, the same thing draped up in a dozen different costumes, but always the same thing underneath, and that thing wooden.

*Pascarel* is scarcely what its second title implies, "Only a Story." We would rather call it only a wordy rhapsody on Italy, art, and love; each in turn and all commingled, with a small accidental thread of narrative running through as the excuse. But, though the story is slight and the *dramatis personæ* few in number, it is odd how many in proportion are improper people. The father of the heroine, Mr. Tempest, is an English gambler, *roué*, cheat, and vagabond. He broke the heart of the mother of his four children—an actress, who was not his wife—and he left those children themselves to starve, if so it should please Providence and their old nurse Mariuccia. *Pascarel* himself, the strolling actor, who wanders about with his plump little mistress Brunotta, two lads, three poodles, and a monkey; who has been a student at the University at Pisa, and who talks the loveliest rubbish imaginable, whole pages full of high-sounding nonsense; who is the people's friend and the people's favourite, tender to weakness, courteous to poverty, inflexible in self-respect before rank and wealth, poet, artist, warrior, patriot, with whom the heroine falls so madly in love, and who repays her love with such chivalrous devotion—even *Pascarel* himself is only a shabby kind of Christian on some rather vital points, of which one is that old-fashioned virtue called cleanness of life. But this is evidently not one of Ouida's ideal characteristics, and the cynical frankness with which she narrates her hero's exploits in the way of mistresses suggests an odd estimate of moral character. He has one actual mistress in the present, another in the past; he loves "L'Uccello," Miss Tempest, the heroine; and between times he takes up with "painted women," Astra and Poppea, when he is deserted

\* *Pascarel: Only a Story.* By Ouida, Author of "Chandos," "Trictrac," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.



by Brunotta and discarded by L'Uccello. As a set-off, however, he improvises with graceful passion, has a fine voice and a handsome face, talks art and artistic history as fluently as a river runs, is simple in his gastronomy, and does not need much sleep; and thus he is in every way a fitting hero for the unreal, fantastic world which Ouida evolves out of that undigested chaos of thoughts and perceptions which she would probably call her imagination if she had to give it a name. Then there is a certain dark-eyed insolent cousin who woos L'Uccello with that fierce yet dastardly kind of love which consists in passion and insult, and who, to force her to his will, betrays the fact of her illegitimacy, and receives a blow for her answer; and, further, we have glimpses of orgies, highly-coloured and improper, and ridiculous exaggerations of Italian Bohemianism and Italian life, wherein poverty is made the nurse of every virtue, and to be a vagabond without a roof to cover you or a crust of bread to eat, is to be joyous and free, innocent and loving, as no one can be who is hampered by the cares of respectability and the duty owing to clean linen. It all sounds very fine; but we suspect the reality would prove quite as far removed from Ouida's representation as the high-souled brigand, standing on a rock, looking up to the lurid sky, and discoursing on the vanity of men and the emptiness of life, is different from the brigand of real life, the dirty, cowardly ruffian who joins the brutality of a cut-throat with the craft of a pickpocket, and leads a life of filth and wretchedness. To wander about with a booth and a troop of dogs may look well enough when the little scene is set, and the flash and flare of the entertainment are answered back by the shouts of the peasants and the finer giggle of the townsfolk; but the reality of cold and hunger and fatigue, even in sunny Italy, must often prove penance enough for all the ordinary sins of the trade. Ouida will probably set us down as Philistines for thinking that any man of education and refinement who could take up such an occupation, and find his happiness in it—and in a Brunotta—must be wanting in all that makes humanity noble, or raises it above the grosser instinctive pleasures into the orderly dignity of civilization.

The heroine, L'Uccello, the fair daughter of the scampish English gentleman and his mistress, is one of those impossible characters which writers every now and then please themselves by offering to the public as studies of human life and social possibilities. Left by her father to the care of old Mariuccia, her nurse, always in the direst poverty and generally hungry; suffered to run to the right and left about the streets, and finding her sole playmates in the sons of the people—barefooted geniuses, beautiful as angels and ragged as scarecrows; the favourite model of a knot of impecunious artists, "good lads" as she calls them, who crown her with tinsel and give her, on account of her beauty and her voice, the sobriquet of L'Uccello; absolutely unguarded—in Italy, too, where the very peasant girls are looked after by their mothers—she comes to the age of fifteen as innocent as *Fleur de Marie* herself. She dresses in the rich purple velvets and embroidered satins of her mother, the actress, and trails about the streets like a cabinet picture by Veronese a little the worse for wear. When reduced to the last extremity, she and one of her chums, a ragged brown-legged boy, by name Raffael, dressed in the loose shirt and red sash of a Venetian gondolier, stand by the Duomo at Carnival time and sing, and make a good thing by it:—

The answer came from a hundred hands at once—from above and around, on every side.

Paper money fluttered to her feet; loose silver rolled like sugar-plums; here and there a piece of gold flashed like a star through the air; flowers and toys and gilded horns of sweetmeats, and ribboned playthings of the pageantry were all showered upon them from the balconies above and from the throngs around, until their arms ached with stretching for the gifts, he his red berretta, and she her amber skirts.

Great ladies, leaning in the draped galleries of old palaces, cast down money with lavish hands; white-coated soldiers, laughing over their wines at the marble tables, tossed bright florins to swell the store; a child-noble in his gala-costume of white and gold and powder and jewels, ran down some palace steps and shyly thrust a roll of notes into the singer's hand, and hastily lifted his soft smiling mouth to kiss her cheek; the poorest of the people sought in their leathern pouches for some copper pieces to give.

In vain the boy and girl, being honest, protested, laughing and crying both at once—"Basta, basta!—enough enough!"

In vain; the golden shower did not cease until, in the distance, as the first of the patrician pageantry appeared on the entrance of the square, there arose a glad shout—"The Galà! the Galà!"

And the populace, kindly of heart, but fickle of temper, turned to the new pastime, and the little noble ran to his people, and the great ladies looked the other way, and the golden chariots rolled under the historic walls, and the sea of the bright masque surged outward; and the children were forgotten where they stood.

After which comes by a man with "the dark, poetic, historic face of Florence," who gives L'Uccello an old seal ring, an onyx cut with the heads of the Fates, "dropped into her amber skirts, amongst the violets of Parma and the daffodils of Tuscany"; and who, passing her again, delivers himself of an aphorism, then dashes onward into the shadow chased by "a gay and giddy throng of masks thrashing each other with coloured bladders, and chasing him with tumultuous shouts as of a band of mummers to their chief." This is Pascarello, or Pascarel; and of course the meeting is a case of love at first sight, as becomes a heroine who begins life in a purple hood and amber satin skirts, singing in the streets for money, and so innocent of evil that when she forces her way into a disreputable masked ball she knows nothing of the significance of what she sees, and only wants to know what "Pascarel" means. That she should not know the name of the most popular strolling player in Italy was, to say the least of it, strange for a young lady whose life seems to have been mainly

passed in the streets with the people. But we suppose we should have no stories written at all if common sense and probabilities were necessities; and when heroines are of the kind which an unfriendly fortune lets loose on the world at an early age, we must believe in the existence of some good spirit which hoodwinks them as young hawks are hoodwinked, and acts the part by them of Ulysses with the Sirens, stopping their ears so that they shall not hear what every other street child hears twenty times a day, or, hearing, shall not suffer by the lessons conveyed. When L'Uccello, whose real name seems to be Speronella, is at the Veglione in her "yellow skirts stained with many a crushed fruit and bruised flower in the old glad days of her wanderings," her "hot little hands" holding the onyx ring to her breast, her "cheeks burning like wild poppies," her "hair in a lustrous tangle"—it was fair hair and it curled—"her eyes like burning lamps, in the thinness of her hunger-worn small face," her "mouth scarlet and parched with excitement," innocent as a young nestling, but woman enough to know so well that she "looked handsome," and "that the people would look at her and say 'bellina'"—Mariuccia is dying by the cold hearth and the empty cupboard, because of which la donzella had sung in the streets that day. Speronella sees her hero of the onyx ring, and he rescues her from an insolent Mousquetaire who "lifts her from the ground and plunges into the wild gallopade that was rushing down the boards like a troop of riderless horses on San Giovanni's day in Florence," and who is none other than her future cousin; and the hero, "in a flash of ruby and white," like the Florentine Florindo, talks sentiment and biography to her, and takes her home and kisses her hand—so she has not lost her time, though she does come to such sorrow over-leaf. After Mariuccia's death 'Nella gathers all her possessions together and sets off for Florence vaguely, to find her father. She falls into evil case by the way, and has her little purse cut which contains the whole of her wealth, sixteen florins all told. While she is lying on the ground crying, Brunotta comes up to her through the trees to console her; and then Pascarel appears in his true character, but beautiful as ever, as the strolling actor, formerly the tinker's son, travelling from place to place with his lads, his beasts, and his supposed sister. 'Nella joins them, though she does nothing to help the general funds, only moons about with Pascarel, exchanging sentiments of marvellous length and spasmodic form, and falling daily deeper in love with the gifted tinker's son, he doing the same by her on his own account. Then Brunotta, in a not unnatural fit of jealousy, tells L'Uccello that she is Pascarel's mistress and not his sister, and politely intimates that she must be a fool not to have seen it before, and so begs her to go away and not interfere with her any longer, nor try to take her place. No heroine who wore amber satin and purple velvet, and who respected herself, could forbear to fall ill on such an announcement, and consequently 'Nella runs away and falls ill; but instead of being taken to a hospital, she is picked up by a generous old creature who gets her living by darning silk stockings. When she recovers she gives Pascarel his dismissal grandly. Then she is reclaimed by her father, dressed like an old picture, and taken to balls in a dress whereof the train is cloth of gold, and the scarlet skirt beneath sown with little diamonds; and then after submitting to the insolent addresses of her father's cousin, and learning that she is illegitimate, she strips off her finery, and once more runs away; this time to find Pascarel as the returned hero, when they make up their quarrel, and agree to undertake life together, on the basis of "a little laughter and a great love."

We have been obliged to leave unnoticed the rich bits in this *pot-pourri* of fine words and poor ideas. "The stream, hot and red, like the blood from a murdered man's throat," is however less fine than nasty as a simile for bronze-casting; and the light of the sky, "always tender and dreamful like the eyes of a woman who lies awake and remembers the kisses of her lover," is simple nonsense. But nonsense is Ouida's stock in trade—nonsense masked in high-sounding words which clang and clatter, as she would say, "bravely," but which will not bear close examination either of manner or matter, and which weary all but the very vulgar and the very ignorant, people whose coarse palates must be tickled with highly spiced food, and whose empty minds are satisfied with the semblance, not the substance, of thought and poetic feeling.

#### EARL RUSSELL ON CHRISTIANITY.\*

EARL RUSSELL'S *Essays on the History of Christianity* are only worthy of attention because it is he who has written them. In themselves they are dry performances, far richer in quotation than in argument, and showing that their writer has travelled, in a fashion, over a large field of inquiry and speculation without any correspondent enlargement of mind. It might be said of a different kind of man, if he had written such a book, that he had a mental coldness which froze the surface of the subject with which he was engaged, so that he was able to glide easily over it without perceiving either its depth or its difficulty. But the essays are attractive as the work of a statesman whose whole course has been marked not so much by high ability as by a certain acrid and penetrating sincerity, and who has played an important part both in general politics and in politics as related to religion. We cannot forget, if we would, his famous Durham

\* *Essays on the Rise and Progress of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe, from the Reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent.* By John Earl Russell. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1873.

Letter, and its issue in the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, a measure which proved so wholly inoperative that it might have taught Earl Russell not to trust much in his theological researches to isolated literary documents. Earl Russell, again, was answerable for the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford; and in this case also his act produced at the time a lively sensation, but led ultimately to no remarkable result. But when he looks back on his distribution of patronage, he is able to congratulate himself both on the purity of his motives and, all things considered, on his success. More far-sighted, as he hints, than the State, he aimed at paying a conspicuous homage to science by conferring on Sir John Herschel the office of Master of the Mint, which had been held by Sir Isaac Newton. As to ecclesiastical appointments, he offered the Deanery of Carlisle to Dr. Tait, and thus helped him forward on the road to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; he advanced Dr. Milman to the Deanery of St. Paul's, thereby indirectly facilitating the study of Church history; and by recommending Dr. Dawes to the Deanery of Hereford, he called attention to the fact that not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but elementary knowledge of various kinds, may be taught successfully in an elementary school. On these points Earl Russell has been careful to refresh our memories, and if he had not taken the trouble of so doing, we should freely have admitted that he is a remarkable man, whose opinion is worth having on any subject with regard to which he may choose to express it.

Earl Russell, with the simplicity and candour which are among his most favourable characteristics, gives in the preface to his essays a list of the works on which he has principally relied. First and foremost come Dean Milman's *History of Latin Christianity* and Jortin's *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*; in another rank are Mr. Matthew Arnold's *St. Paul and Protestantism*, Dr. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, Mr. Lecky's *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, and Dean Alford's *New Testament for English Readers*. He has of course consulted other works; thus he quotes at some length Dr. Samuel Clarke as an authority on the Christian faith, observing at the same time, with a pleasing ingenuousness, that "his Arian heresies may as well be omitted." Gibbon is also referred to, and so is Bishop Butler, not to mention a variety of modern writers; and the Bible is used freely in a broad and uncritical spirit. But when these qualifications have been made, it will still appear that Earl Russell is quite right in placing Milman and Jortin at the head of his authorities, and giving a secondary but yet important place to Mr. Arnold, Dr. Newman, Mr. Lecky, and Dean Alford. The list of books is one which points to fearlessness and openness of mind on the part of the inquirer who uses them, rather than to thoroughness of research. Earl Russell may have read them, and in some sense have mastered them, without any approach to mastering his subject. We can imagine that he would not feel obliged to pay particular attention to an octogenarian divine who claimed to have a definite view of politics on the ground of having studied some such books as Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, Macaulay's *History of England*, Mill on *Representative Government*, Mr. Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, and Mr. Moncreux Conway's *Republican Superstitions*. It is of less importance what has been read than what are the results of reading and reflection; and to Earl Russell's results, and the nature of the evidence on which they rest, we may now briefly proceed.

Early in his essays he sees his way to asserting that the religion of Christ has three main foundations; the first foundation being, that God is a spirit, the maker of heaven and earth; the second, that Christ was sent from God, and revealed to men the message of God; and the third, that Christ died for mankind. The assertion of these three foundations is introduced with long quotations from the Gospels, in which, however, there is no peculiar relevancy to the form of Earl Russell's statement. No popular preacher could quote passage after passage more unsystematically, or leave the text to produce its own impression with less assistance from orderly and intelligent comment. Earl Russell, in fact, is essentially uncritical in his use of Holy Scripture. He accepts the canon as it stands, without any appearance of independent investigation, and he does not seem to know how many questions debated among learned men he assumes when he writes "The treatment of heretics is thus prescribed by St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus, the first bishop of the Cretans." There is no strict conformity to Scriptural language in the statement just quoted from his essays; for, according to St. Paul in an undoubtedly authentic epistle, other foundation can no man lay but Jesus Christ, whose religion therefore has not three foundations, but one. Earl Russell's position, again, if tried simply by its contents, is far from being obviously true or consistent; for if, as is generally supposed, the spiritual nature of God is part of the message of Christ, the first of the two foundations disappears by absorption in the second. In fact, we have nothing here given us by Earl Russell but a general view, put in somewhat careless language, and incapable of proof or disproof.

Following the example of our author, we pass on naturally from the foundation, or foundations, of the Christian religion to the formulae in which Christians have endeavoured to express its principal truths. He soon reaches the Nicene Creed, and disposes of it with remarkable rapidity. Six pages give us a history of the Nicene Council, and an estimate of the results to which its decision has led. Earl Russell sums up as follows:—"One thing is certain; the unhappy decision of the Council of Nice was the

signal for centuries of bloodshed. Thousands of human beings died to confirm or contradict a doctrine which none of them understood." If he means to assert that no Christian whatever understood, or was capable of understanding, the great issue raised and ruled one way at Nicea, he is greatly and transparently in error. The question was whether Christ was really God, or the first and greatest of created beings; and on the answer to this question depends now, as it did in the fifth century, the distinctive character of Christian worship. It is by no means clear that, if the Nicene Council had left the matter open, one drop less blood would have been shed, or that the speculations of Christians would have been confined in consequence to subjects which Earl Russell thinks intelligible. On the contrary, the controversy might have been prolonged without losing its bitterness, and it might have been discovered after all that nothing better could be done than to state a clear and decided belief in clear and decided terms.

Having briefly disposed of the Nicene Creed, Earl Russell proceeds to the Athanasian. Here again it will be as well to quote some of his own words. He says:—

It will be found that the schoolmen always preferred the logic of Aristotle to the word of Christ. Indeed, their object was not so much to follow Christ as to build a new edifice of theology with the materials which they borrowed from the Greek philosophers. The consequence was the Athanasian Creed, of which the author is unknown. It has been adopted by the Church of Rome and the Church of England, and has been made the condition of salvation by the ingenious schoolmen who preferred logic and metaphysics to the sublime simplicity of the Gospel.

If there is any meaning in words, we have here a new theory about the date of the Athanasian Creed, which Earl Russell tells us is a consequence of the preference, and object, and method of the schoolmen. With some misgiving we turn to Earl Russell's great authority, Dean Milman; and we find him teaching that the remote ancestor of scholasticism was John Scotus Erigena, who lived in the time of Charles the Bald, that is, about the middle of the ninth century. Dean Milman further informs us that the rudimentary scholasticism of Erigena was by no means a system of rigid formula, but rather a full, discursive, speculative science; so that if we put the statements of Earl Russell side by side with those of the really distinguished scholar whom he is proud of having promoted, we are obliged to infer that the Athanasian Creed is the consequence of a system which was quite in its infancy, if indeed it can be said to have been born, when a grandson of Charlemagne was king. If we can accept this conclusion, we can afford to be quite indifferent to theories which connect the creed with Charlemagne; and Mr. Ffoulkes and Mr. Duffus Hardy pass together into the background while disputing about the date of a Psalter. It is really too absurd; and Earl Russell, as he wrote on, seems to have become conscious of the absurdity; for some pages later we find him saying:—

It would not be correct to attribute what is called the Athanasian Creed to the authorship prevalence (sic) of the great schoolmen of the thirteenth century. Still, failing any authority which would enable me to give the date of the introduction of that Creed, or to name any person who did not shrink from avowing its authorship, I will insert here what I have to say upon that head.

And then he proceeds to make a rather indefinite use of Dean Stanley, Gibbon, and Tillotson. He is so courageous a man himself as to make us wonder that he has indirectly accused the anonymous author of the Athanasian Creed of moral cowardice, which is one of the last accusations to which, so far as we can judge from the Creed, that writer is really open. But Earl Russell suffers an evident deterioration, both of reasoning power and temper, while dealing with this part of the subject. Speaking of mediæval doctrine as exhibited in that systematic and logical form of which the Athanasian Creed is the great surviving example, he observes:—"According to this new faith, a man must subscribe to a number of propositions he could not understand, but need not be very solicitous whether the commandments, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' and other moral laws, were neglected or observed." If the Athanasian Creed is accepted as a representative document, it scarcely supports Earl Russell in this remark; for, though its earlier portion is full of awful threatenings with regard to the consequences of doctrinal error, we find towards its close the exceedingly strong moral statement:—"They that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire."

But the Church of England, though retaining for the present the Athanasian Creed, is, according to Earl Russell, in as flourishing a state as she has ever reached. She is largely indebted to the action in recent years of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, and, to go further back, she has carefully avoided in her Articles two sources of error—the superstitions of the Church of Rome and the fanaticism of the Church of Calvin. Here Earl Russell touches on a subject which may serve as a final test of his skill and discretion in the treatment of theology. If we look at the whole of her formularies, the Church of England is certainly not Calvinistic; but if we confine our attention to the Articles, the case is not so clear. Here is an opportunity for our distinguished amateur theologian to prove himself master of at least a portion of the great field embraced in his essays. No profound learning is necessary for going nearly to the bottom of the matter; no apprehension of the spirit of remote centuries; no disinterring of difficult volumes from the dust of venerable libraries. The Thirty-nine Articles are perfectly accessible, and proximately correct accounts of the views of Calvin can be readily found in books which are neither old,



scarce, nor hard. The dissection of certain Articles and the comparison of their statements with a definite doctrinal system is just the sort of work in which a clever thoughtful man, with a critical turn of mind, and a sense, such as he might gain by three hours' conversation with an expert, of the salient points to be examined, might find deep learning rather an encumbrance than an assistance. How then does Earl Russell prove, or attempt to prove, that the Articles of the Church of England are not Calvinistic? He simply quotes the latter half of the Seventeenth Article. We have thus only left us the choice between thinking him very profound or very superficial, and the weight of evidence inclines to the less favourable alternative. He leaps to his conclusions elsewhere, and probably employs the same method in this case, for there is not the slightest symptom of his being aware of the points on which the English reformers sided with the Lutherans rather than with the Calvinists. He speaks in one place of "the Protestant divines who opposed at Lambeth the theory of Calvin," in seeming forgetfulness that from Lambeth issued those supplementary Articles which, if they had been adopted by the Church of England, would have done all that words could do in the way of making her Calvinistic. Indeed Earl Russell would be disinclined to consider at length any differences between Lutheranism and Calvinism by his disposition to censure the two reformers together. The following is the last quotation from his book with which we shall trouble our readers. Having repeated his censure of the Nicene Council, he proceeds:—

The anonymous author of a third and anonymous creed was not satisfied with Christ's humility, and undertook to affirm that He was equal to the Father. With a similar ambition and equal presumption, Luther and Calvin undertook to point out the way to heaven, and throwing aside the words of Christ and the teaching of St. John, St. James, and St. Paul, declared that by faith alone man could be saved. They disdained the words of Christ in reference to the Pagan centurion and the Jewish scribe; they looked aside when they were reminded that God is Love; they refused to accept the words of St. Paul, "Faith, hope, and love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

So Earl Russell passes along the centuries, using his acuteness like the spear of Ithuriel, and detecting the latent fiend. When they come under his hand, theologians in general fare badly; the Nicene Fathers, the author of the Athanasian Creed, the schoolmen, Luther, and Calvin, however unlike each other, are involved in similar condemnation. So far as theology is concerned, age has not mellowed the acerbity of Earl Russell's judgment; he inclines almost habitually to the darker view of the characters and opinions he introduces, and is all but wholly destitute of that literary charity which is a humane virtue, if not a theological grace.

The professed range of Earl Russell's essays is from the reign of Tiberius to the end of the Council of Trent; and we may therefore be excused from following him beyond that range down to the present day. On the important subjects which lie on the edge of religion and politics, and which are assuming new forms with astonishing rapidity, his opinions are in all essentials what they have been for many years. We can scarcely imagine that a single person of ordinary intelligence will have his views of the Papal Syllabus, the Vatican Council, or the O'Keefe case, modified by anything that Earl Russell has written respecting the Nicene Council or the general result of the Reformation. Indeed Earl Russell himself may be assumed to be as safe from the influence of his own theological essays as any of his readers. He has carried all his peculiarities with him back to the fourth century, and returns from Fathers and Councils to modern politics as little changed as the typical Englishman usually is by a month's run on the Continent.

#### AMERICANISMS.\*

WE English are far too apt to think our own way wisdom, and to look with scorn upon the doings of our neighbours, and more especially upon the doings of our kinsfolk in America. All ways of speaking and acting which strike us as being specially vulgar or disagreeable we at once denounce as Americanisms, thereby showing the very low estimation in which we hold our transmarine cousins. This estimate, be it false or be it true, is in most cases the result of personal observation of the swarms of Yankee tourists who, year after year, by their very presence, take the bloom off our summer holiday. They crowd in upon us in railway carriages, they empty our favourite dishes at *tables d'hôte*, pouring into our ears the while bitter complaints of the worthlessness of all they get when compared with the comforts which they have at home, where we devoutly wish they had stayed to enjoy them. Of course it may be said that in this way we see only unfavourable specimens of the race, and that, to judge of any nation with anything like justice, we must go to their country and study them there. Now that steam has practically shortened the distance between Liverpool and New York into something not much longer than a journey from London to Edinburgh used to be in our grandfathers' days, a tour through the United States has become very little more difficult than a tour on the Continent. Still very few of us take advantage of this great facility of intercourse. We shrink from plunging in among a whole nation of people who speak our own language through their noses, and who

call us men and women and our servants gentlemen and ladies. We dread having no nourishment set before us but meat-pies and chicken-fixings, and perhaps seeing even these unwholesome meats gobbled up before we can secure our modest share. The current British opinion of the manners and customs of the dwellers in the States might almost be summed up in the words of the skipper who went to investigate the social economy of certain savages, and sent home, as the result of his voyage, the brief report—"No manners, customs beastly."

Then, for those who really seek for information about America and American ways, there are the travellers' tales, a fresh crop of which spring up yearly, though those who read them and put their faith in them would do well to bear in mind the French proverb, "A beau mentir qui vient de loin." These travellers too, who are for the most part young men, seem to make their observations chiefly on young ladies as being to them the most interesting section of society. They report that, besides women doctors, women lawyers, clergywomen, and all the rest of the wild sisterhood who range at will across the American continent, there are American girls who, with all the grace and elegance of Frenchwomen, and the easy simplicity of Englishwomen, have in addition a certain fragile beauty and vivacity of thought peculiarly their own, and wonderfully winning. They tell also of social intercourse on so free and easy a footing that young people may enjoy one another's society without their pleasure inflicting a proportional amount of penance on their elders. This state of things these travellers find so pleasant that they even venture to advocate its introduction into the old country, though at the mere proposal of any such revolution they have the whole army of chaperons up in arms against them, prepared to resist such innovations to the death. These good ladies feel that, should Mrs. Grundy countenance the scandal of young ladies going unchaperoned into society, their reign would be at an end; they would have to think out some higher way of keeping that influence over their come-out daughters which their present privilege of acting as constable to them confers. No wonder then that they try to put off the evil day of the introduction of so-called American manners.

With American manners, however, the book before us has nothing to do. Mr. de Vere treats only of Americanisms so far as language is concerned. Of these he says with great truth:—

The largest part of so-called Americanisms are nothing more than good old English words, which for one reason or another have become obsolete or provincial in England, while they have retained their full power and citizenship in the United States. Thus all the provincialisms of the Northern and Western counties of England have been naturalized in the New England States.

Besides these "old friends with new faces," as Mr. de Vere calls them, which form one of the longest chapters of his book, and among which we find many a good English word now unhappily fallen out of use at home, the language spoken in the States has been enriched by a motley host of recruits from other nations. We find there Indian words, and Negro words, besides a mixture of French, Spanish, and High and Low Dutch. With so many sources to draw from, we might with some show of reason expect to find the vocabulary of our American cousins rich in words suited to express the nicest shades of meaning. But they seem to have an unlucky gift for making new and bad words, and choosing to use the words thus made rather than the better ones which are already within their reach. Hence it comes that slang words are so rife among them that a stranger must of necessity consult a dictionary if he would get at the meaning of the queer expressions which he hears in daily talk or reads in the daily papers. This constant stream of slang, which is the force at work in the destruction of all modern languages, seems to come pretty equally from both ends of society. The ignorance of the lowest rank, which lets them have at command but a very small part of the stock of words in any language, leads them to invent new ones to express their meaning. On the other hand, the idea of exclusiveness, which is the very life of their society, leads to the use in the highest rank of certain words and phrases not current in any other. Ignorance of these words and phrases at once betrays the intruder into their charmed circle; but still they are just as much slang as the slang of pickpockets or watermen. Thus every rank of society, every trade, every profession, every family even, has its own particular jargon. But it is clear that the slang which originates among the better educated classes must be the most dangerous to any language, as it is the most likely to force its way into the literature of that language. Mr. de Vere agrees with other writers on the subject in looking on the clergy as the chief offenders in this respect. As by the "clergy," however, we find that he means ministers of all denominations, it does not surprise us much to find such verbs as "to fellowship," "to happyfy," "to donate" "to funeralize," and strangest of all "to doxologize," laid to their charge. This doxology does duty in many different ways. Under the still odder form, "sockdolager," it has become an everyday word, and stands for the end of anything and everything, "from a word that closes a debate to a blow that finishes a fight." "Sockdolager" means also a double hook, the two parts of which close with a spring as soon as the fish bites, as if in grim expression of the unavoidable result.

In the geographical names can still be traced the history of the different districts over which the Indians, the Dutch, and the French by turns held sway. The memory of the Red Man lingers in the musical names still borne by the lakes and rivers

\* *The English of the New World.* By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

whose waters were skimmed by his canoe long before the white man dreamed of his existence. Still, too, the white conqueror is universally known by the name Yengee, now Yankee, which was the Indian's attempt at saying "English," and by which he distinguished the New Englanders from the dreaded "long knives" of Virginia. French names have suffered more than Indian ones at the hands of the English settlers, who in dealing with them have yielded largely to the temptation we all feel to turn a name which we don't understand into something that shall have a meaning, no matter how absurd that meaning may be. Thus "Bois Brulé" has become "Bob Ruly"; "Chemin Couvert" "Smack Cover"; and, strangest of all, "Rivière du Purgatoire" is now known as "Picket-wire River." Another instance of this tendency of the popular mind is found in the name of the flower Lobelia, now invariably written "Lowbelia"; while another plant of the same family, but of larger size, is known only as "Highbelia."

Some of the most picturesque words still to be heard in the States were left there by the Spaniards; such are "Savanna," originally a linen sheet, "corral," "stampede," "Jomacke," and so on. From the Spaniards, too, come the words used to indicate the different degrees of colour, from the full-blooded Negro down to the Mustee and Mustafina. With "Quadroon" and "Mulatto" we are all familiar, but it is something new to learn that "pickaninny" is a corruption of "pequeno nino," little child; and that Sambo, which now stands for a black, pretty much as "Paddy" does for an Irishman, is neither more nor less than the Spanish "Zambo," handy-legged.

In treating of the High and Low Dutch infusion, Mr. de Vere makes an elaborate apology for the carelessness of his countrymen in calling both alike Dutchmen:—

It is a misfortune peculiar to patronymies in American hands that they suffer a sad perversion of meaning. As few journalists even care to distinguish the Scot from the Englishman, and are apt to call both alike Englishmen, so people throughout the Union are in the habit of confounding the Dutchman and the German, and call them all Dutchmen.

"It is evident," he adds, that this arose not from a tendency to underrate, as when Frenchmen were dubbed Froggies, and the like, but from a courteous effort to call the Germans by their own name "Deutsch," which, being somewhat difficult to pronounce, readily changed into "Dutch." It is strange that, having got so near the truth, still Mr. de Vere does not see that Deutsch and Dutch are merely the same word with a slight change in spelling. That he does not see it is clear, for he goes on to plead as an excuse for this use of the word "that the German immigrants themselves but too readily acquiesced in the designation, and adopted it themselves." Surely he did not expect the people who show their devotion to their Fatherland in every way but by staying in it, to deny their nationality by refusing to bear its name? Nor does it seem to strike him that the name *German* would, to a newcomer fresh from Deutsch-land, be perfectly unmeaning. The Dutch words, High and Low, seem to cluster chiefly round the frying-pan and the market-stall. The Knickerbocker days are recalled whenever "cookeys," "noodlejees," "speck and applejees," "apple-snits," or any of the other dishes sacred to the memory of the notable Vrowjees, appear on the table. They linger, too, more picturesquely in the "stoop" of the house porch, the "bush" of the uncleared country, and the "Paas-Blummachee" and "Pinxter-Blummachee," names still borne by the flowers which bloom most freely at Easter and Whitsuntide.

One of the greatest peculiarities of the Yankees' English is the odd use which they make of good English words. They talk of a fine "suit of hair," meaning thereby not a penitential garment but abundant tresses. In the same way stones are "rocks," pieces of linen "rags," earth "dirt," and so on. Other words, again, which have fallen to the lowest depths of disgrace in this country have with them kept their ancient dignity. First and foremost of these is "bug." That harmless monosyllable, for which English affectation has contrived countless euphemisms, is in America freely applied to every sort of beetle. There are "tree-bugs" and "rose-bugs," "gold-bugs" and "squash-bugs"; in fact, every variety of bug. We have even heard of a Yankee who went all over the wonders of the British Museum with the utmost indifference till he came to the Colossal Beetle, when he stood still in delighted admiration, exclaiming "My eyes, what an almighty big bug!"

Another class of words which are, in the truest sense, Americanisms, are those suggested by the physical features and the natural history of the country. Mr. de Vere would have us believe that the use of exaggerated expressions, especially among Western men, is due to the influence of the prominent features of the landscape of the West. It is thus that he seeks to excuse the constant misuse of the adjectives "tall," "steep," and a host of others. We cannot quite agree with this theory. Would Mr. de Vere convince himself, or any one else, that the mind of the man who speaks of a "pretty loud smell of varnish" is unconsciously influenced by the roar of Niagara, or by the roll of the thunder among the great mountains of the West? The habits of the racoon and the opossum have likewise given the Yankee many highly suggestive words. From their well-known trick of taking refuge in a gum-tree when hotly pursued, a "gum-game" is now the favourite word for any attempt to get out of a difficulty. Among plants, the hickory-tree has furnished a convenient adjective, which at once explains its own meaning to all who know the durable yet pliant nature of the wood. General Jackson was known as "Old Hickory," and a "hickory shirt" or a "hickory coat" are garments that will stand any amount of wear and tear. A hickory Catholic, too, is one free from bigotry and asceticism.

Perhaps it is owing to the hickory nature which the Roman Catholic Church puts on in the States that it gets on so well with all the other strange sects which flourish luxuriantly there, and whose sundry peculiarities give a colouring to the social life and to the language. To which of them all Mr. de Vere himself belongs we cannot quite make up our mind, for he seems to have some views about festivals which are quite new to us. We know that the question of the observance or non-observance of Christmas Day was one of the provoking causes of a long and cruel civil war, but we did not know before that there could be two opinions as to the reason why the day is kept at all. Yet Mr. de Vere begs his readers not to forget

the one *Dutchman* whom all American children hold dear and in great veneration. This is Santa Klaus, as the name is commonly though erroneously written, in reality Klaas, the abbreviation of Nicholas, a Dutch saint of undisputed nationality, whose name is heard everywhere when his *own day*, Christmas, is drawing near.

Perhaps Mr. de Vere has studied hagiology at the same source as the lady who bought Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* in order to read up the story of St. Ursula with her attendant virgins, and such other legends, before going for a tour on the Continent. If so, it is not surprising that he knows so little about the patron of thieves and children. Still even an almanack would tell him that the day dedicated to the Saint is the 6th of December, and not the 25th; and, considering that he makes it a matter of conscience to limit the term Dutch to Hollanders only, we are somewhat surprised to find him calling Saint Nicholas, who, if we mistake not, was born somewhere in Lykia, a *Dutchman*. So complete a vocabulary as that which Mr. de Vere has here put together of all the queer words and phrases in use among his fellow citizens ought certainly to be of great service to travellers who meditate a visit to the States. If they study it well they will avoid being called to order for such mistakes as calling a 'possum a "creature" instead of a "varmint," and will be above showing any signs of surprise when they are told that a lady is "rubbing her gums upon the mat."

#### LEWIS'S JUVENAL.

IT is a satisfaction to find fruits of scholarship and liberal studies in our younger public men, and a dash of Juvenal is not a bad element in a modern training for politics. Mr. Lewis has already distinguished himself as a speaker in the House of Commons, and we may hope that his translation of Juvenal will be profitable to others as well as to himself. He has not only given us a careful and skilful translation, but his annotations are very serviceable in assisting us to an adequate appreciation of the satirist:—

Juvenal [he says in his introduction], in depicting character, in drawing scenes, even in turns of expression, is of all ancient authors the most distinctly modern. . . . If we believed in the metempsychosis doctrine, we might almost believe that the soul of Juvenal reappeared in Hogarth. . . . There are many ancient writers with regard to whom it is necessary for us to make a considerable mental effort in order to throw ourselves back into the times in which they wrote, and to conceive the tone of thought which prevailed in their day. Juvenal, when the difficulties of another kind which mark his writings have been surmounted, requires no such effort. In his way of looking at things, and especially at the grotesque side of things, in his word-painting, in his illustrations, he is essentially a man of the present day. He has been accordingly often imitated—by Boileau and Johnson, for instance—while such writers as Aristophanes and Plautus are incapable of being modernized with any degree of success.—P. 217.

While the truth of these remarks is incontrovertible, it may be doubted whether the talent for writing original satire, or of reproducing it in numbers, still exists amongst us. And if, as is undoubted, satire is at all times a wholesome corrective of abuses in political and social life, the next best thing to having a band of satiric poets is to imbue speakers and writers with a spice of the Juvenalian tone, and to arm them with the weapons which Juvenal wields so powerfully. Mr. Lewis makes out a good case against modern translators. Madan's literalism is marred by obscurity of expression. The prose version of Evans, in Bohn's series, though spirited and scholarly, is in many passages untrustworthy on account of doubtful renderings. If a reader manfully sets himself to pick out the meaning of Juvenal without the aid of a translation, he must either resort to the incomplete and long-delayed edition of Mayor (the instalments of which promise much gain, as we showed a little time since, to the student of Latin and to professed scholars, but suggest to those who have less time to spare, as they do to Mr. Lewis, "a thin stream of commentary on Juvenal, running under the surface of a vast sea of citations and excursions"); or he may struggle with the enigmatic notes of Mr. Simcox, in the Juvenal of the *Cætana Classicorum*, against which—unless the new edition has removed a patent fault—Mr. Lewis has hit a blow not a whit harder than was deserved, in a citation of six consecutive notes on the first nine lines of the Fourteenth Satire as a perfect specimen of what "notes for boys ought not to be." We might add—nor for men either; for this annotator ignores the process of conveying his meaning in full, and expects students to divine from a single sentence, condensed over-much, the drift of what it was the duty of an interpreter to make perfectly clear.

\* *D. Junii Juvenalis Satiræ*. With a Literal English Prose Translation and Notes. By John Delaware Lewis, M.A., Trin. Coll., Camb. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.



There is more help, it must be allowed, in Prior and Escott; but something fuller and more helpful still has been a desideratum; and this Mr. Lewis, to our thinking, has gone far towards furnishing. Beneath the Latin text in each page he gives a well-considered translation, not too literal to spoil the zest of striking passages and descriptions, and he appends in the latter half of his volume a body of notes which exhibits such research, skill of illustration, tact in selection, and discrimination in weighing conflicting interpretations, as mark him out, if not as a scholar of the dry-as-dust old-world type, yet certainly as a most agreeable and trustworthy interpreter of a classical poet. Into all his criticism he imports a refreshing common sense. He is not enamoured of a clue to interpretation in proportion to its reconditeness and its far-fetchedness; yet it is evident that he has so read and pondered his author as at times to have discovered a clearer connexion in Juvenal's train of thought and process of arrangement than editors of greater pretension have so much as dreamed of. As an instance of this we may notice his handling of a passage in the Third Satire (vv. 139-43), where he not inaptly traces a connexion between *servat* in the lines—

Quantum quisque suū nummorum servat in arē  
Tantum habet et fidei—

and *servavit* in the verse almost immediately preceding them—

Vel qui  
Servavit trepidam flagranti ex æde Minervam.

Working out the sentiment of these lines, and glancing at such proverbial expressions of it as the "*assem habebas, assem valeas; habes, habebis*" of Petronius, he sees an allusion to *servavit* in *servat*—e.g. "You will get more credit by saving money than by saving a goddess." In the same spirit, discussing the lines—

Agmine facto  
Debuant olim tenues migrasse Quirites! (162)—

"The poor among the Romans ought long ago to have emigrated in a body"—Mr. Lewis explodes the far-fetched allusion to the secession to Mons Sacer, but he is alive to the figure of *πρόδοκιαν*, which the satirist uses. He notes the comic martial tone of the beginning of Juvenal's sentence, and its unexpected and designedly impotent conclusion:—"The poor Romans ought long ago to have formed themselves into array, and—migrated." Such nice discoveries of point and connexion must always be judged of by their likelihood, but we confess that these two recommend themselves to our judgment as both probable and ingenious. Nor is Mr. Lewis, though evidently quick to detect niceties, so enamoured of what is far beneath the surface as to overlook what is suggested by a plain view of the cases in point. In Sat. I. 105, "*Sed quinque tabernæ Quadringenta parant*," he adopts Heinrich's view that the five banking-houses in the Forum mentioned by Livy (xxvi. 27) are meant, and not five shops let out to rent. Thus the sense will be, "My transactions on Change bring me in an income of four hundred thousand sesterces," and the difficulty of a very high rent for a Roman shop is avoided. Again, at Sat. IV. 112, the allusion to "*Fuscus marmoreâ meditatus prælia villâ*" is diversely taken by commentators to mean (1) that Fuscus studied the art of war in his villa; and (2) that the degrading life of a Roman senator in his day did not suit him, and so he pined for active service. Mr. Lewis espouses the first view as most consistent with the satirical tenor of the preceding words, and he is here borne out by Mr. Simcox in one of his redeeming notes, to this effect:—"Fuscus, whose heart was on war, though he had no better school for fighting than his villa, might as well have died of braving Domitian as of blundering in Dacia." Upon the words "*Rupto poscentem sulfura vitro*," "calling for sulphur matches in exchange for broken glass" (v. 48), Mr. Lewis throws the true light by quoting Martial, i. 41, 4, 5—"Qui pallentia sulfurata fractis Permutant vitreis"—and showing that, whereas there is no evidence of the use of sulphur in mending glass being known to Juvenal and his contemporaries, the exchange of broken glass for sulphur-matches was common and notorious.

Another proof of this new translator's care, as well as acumen, is the decision with which he sets Evans and other translators and annotators to rights with cause shown wherever he differs from them. Thus at ii. 153—"Sed tu vera puta?"—he corrects the obviously unsound translation, "Nevertheless do thou believe them true?" and renders the words "But suppose them true;" explaining their drift to be a query of the satirist—"How, if for argument's sake we allow the popular Inferno to be true, with Charon and his skiff, and all the rest, these wretched fellows would be received, when they got there?" At ii. 170 he renders "*Sic prætextatos referunt Artaxata mores*," "Thus it is they carry back to Artaxata the manners of young Rome," rightly deeming this version more in keeping with the context, which speaks of the contamination of Armenian hostages by a prolonged stay at demoralized Rome, than the interpretation which makes Artaxata the nominative, and "*referunt*" equivalent to "recalls" or "imitates"—i.e. "So Artaxata imitates young Rome's manners." Again he ventures to correct Dryden's clever version of iii. 72, where he brilliantly mis-translates

Viscera magnarum domum, dominique futuri.  
Work themselves inwards, and their patrons out.

"Glorious John" evidently jumped at the conclusion that slaves, foreigners, and adventurers, such as the satirist was speaking of, insinuated themselves into great houses more summarily and speedily than the text warrants. The rendering is antithetic, but

forced and strained beyond what the Latin justifies. Mr. Lewis limits the sense to "Who are destined to gain complete control over these great houses," and parallels Juvenal by a reference to Lucian. The expression "*dirisque a ponte satelles*," applied by Juvenal in Sat. IV. 116 to Catullus Messalinus, who had been a Roman governor and a consul in the reigns of Vespasian and Titus, has been misunderstood by almost every annotator and translator, and Mr. Escott only represents his fellows when he renders it "a beggar fresh from the bridges." But Mr. Prior, who has many merits, though his little edition is not faultless, had already seen that the words only mean "a hateful cringing satellite," and Mr. Lewis hits the true sense by translating it "a horrible satellite of the bridge-kind," and explaining "*satelles à ponte*" as "a satellite such as one might pick up at one of the bridges," "a beggarly flatterer." In v. 153-5—

Tu scabie frueris mali, quod in aggere rodit  
Qui tegitur palmâ et galeâ, metuensque flagelli  
Discit ab hirsutâ jaculum torquere capellâ—

Mr. Lewis translates "You enjoy a scabby apple such as on the rampart the monkey gnaws, who is dressed up with a shield and helmet, and in dread of the whip is taught to throw his dart from the back of a shaggy goat." He is quite right in taking the words to refer to a monkey and not to a recruit, and we are rejoiced to find that he not only pooh-poohs the objection of Mayor and Simcox, that "*ab equo jaculari*" is not found in Latin, but also cites evidences of the use of "*ab equo*" in such collocation from Propertius and Ovid. The passage from Propertius had already been communicated to us by Mr. Calverley, when, in reviewing Mr. Simcox's *Juvenal*, we demurred to so sweeping a statement.

In many other instances we might illustrate the thoroughness of Mr. Lewis's critical work, did we not fear to tax our readers' patience. It must suffice to say that he scarcely ever disappoints us when we want clear translation, or borrowed light upon a dark passage. Take for an example a reference to the Jews in Satire VI. 158, 9:—

Observant ubi festa mero pede sabbata reges,  
Et vetus indulget senibus clementia porcis.

Mr. Lewis translates literally, "Where kings observe their festive sabbath with naked feet, and long-established clemency is indulgent to aged pigs," and notes that this is an instance of the confused idea which Juvenal and his countrymen had of Jewish ceremonies, though in xiv. 96-106 he gives a fair enough sketch of their creed. What is most important, he illustrates the phrase "*mero pede*" very nicely by "*calce merâ*" in Prudentius Peristeph. 6, 91. By the way, however, he is scarcely correct in saying, upon Satire XIV. 251 (cf. X. 247), that Hesiod's statements about the crow's longevity are not found in the extant Hesiod. Fragments of four or five lines, embodied in Goettling or Didot's editions, ought to take rank as part of Hesiod, and this passage with others of the fragments has been recently translated. *Apocryphos* of longevity, we may just notice the nice little point of criticism which Mr. Lewis makes on Satire XI. 64, where he discusses whether Juvenal did not rather imitate Martial, Epigr. X. 48, than Martial him, as Gifford would have it supposed. The question turns on Juvenal's speaking of himself as an old man in v. 203 of the Eleventh Satire. Our newest critic on Juvenal reasonably holds that too much weight should not be attached to this, especially in the case of a satirist; and he cites the language of Thackeray about himself as an old man, when he was but forty, as well as that of Persius, who in point of fact died comparatively young, in his Prologue and his First Satire. Throughout Mr. Lewis's notes such questions as this will be found elucidated by a happy bringing together of the new and old. A quotation has already been given from Mr. Lewis's introduction, drawing attention to the singular "modernness" which invests Juvenal's images and portraiture. A host of illustrations of this trait in his Satires might be given; but it will serve the purpose to string together a few of them, with Mr. Evans's modern parallels, or our own. When in iii. 5 the satirist says, "*Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ*—a lonely island to a thoroughfare at Rome—it is, as Mr. Lewis suggests, as if he had said, "I prefer even Lundy Island to Cheapside." The mention in the same satire (115) of "*gymnasia*" and "*facinus majoris abollæ*" suggests to him an antithesis between the "undergraduate's" and the doctor's gown." The allusion, in "*perituri cista Latini*," "the chest of Latinus" in danger of his life (vi. 44)—to the hairbreadth escapes of intriguers, which would often be represented in farces such as *Latinus* played in, is excellently paralleled by Falstaff's clothes-basket; the "gold coins inscribed with '*Dacicus*' or '*Germanicus* in a rich dish" (vi. 204-5) are like "so many Victorias" (or "Napoleons") shining on a plate. Elsewhere a son-in-law is ineligible because "*puellæ sarcinulis impar*"—i.e. "unequal to furnishing a trousseau for the young lady." Fortune-hunters buy rich presents of fish from the provinces to offer to wealthy widows, who will sell them again, just as nowadays duplicates of wedding presents are conveniently swapped or resold to the jeweller. Two little parallels we may add which may interest the ladies. Messalina [save the mark!] puts on a flaxen or yellow wig, because that was the fashionable colour for the hair at Rome (vi. 120), and her own hair was black; and two lines in a later part of the same satire (454-5)—

Nam quæ docta nimis caput et facunda videri  
Crure tenus medio tunicas succingere debet—

suggest a very ancient precedent for the use of "Bloomers."

*Apocryphos* of the wines served to guests at the rich Roman's table

according to their grades, Mr. Lewis quotes from Stocker a story how at the close of the last century the claret at a visitation lunch never got beyond the rectors to the curates below the line. What would the curates say to this nowadays? Before concluding our remarks we must show, by two examples of Mr. Lewis's pertinent and copious illustration, how very closely satire is connected with epigram. In Sat. VI. 229 Juvenal says of a woman who in modern times would have figured as a bigamist over and over again:—

Sic crescit numerus: sic fiunt octo mariti  
Quinque per autumnos, titulo res digna sepulchri.

The translator we have been reviewing quotes as a parallel Martial's Epigram, IX. 16:—

Inscriptum tumulo septem celebrata virorum  
Se fecisse Chloe: quid pote simplicius?

The double-entente in "se fecisse" may be taken to mean that she had put up the tombs of, or done for, eight husbands. In Booth's *Epigrams*, p. 45, the original is rendered thus freely:—

In Stepney churchyard seven tombs in a row  
For the reader's soft sympathy call;  
On each—my dear husband lies buried below!  
And Chloe's the widow of all.

In the same satire (v. 276) the language which Juvenal addresses to a deceived husband "Tu tibi tunc curruca places,"—i.e. "You are delighted with yourself then, you hedge-sparrow"—is explained by one scholium to refer to the bird which hatches the cuckoo's eggs instead of its own, and Mr. Lewis accepts and endorses the fitness of this nickname for one who is rearing up as his own the children of an interloper. We are reminded of the adagial epigram:—

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long  
That she had her head snapt off by her young.

And so apparently is Mr. Lewis. The Sixth Satire is one which it is a mixed pleasure to read. It abounds in splendid bits of satire, at the same time that it is in many parts coarse and gross. We are not sure that the translator has omitted quite as much of it as he might have done; but we are quite sure that he has brought to bear upon it and its best points a degree of acuteness and judgment which are highly to his credit as a critic and scholar. Whatever his future career, he will not have found it lost labour to translate and annotate Juvenal; and we have no hesitation in recommending his work to our readers, more especially to those who are adults.

#### WALKS IN FLORENCE.\*

WE can scarcely hear too much of Florence; after all that has been written, more remains to be said. The two sisters who conduct the traveller in these pleasant "Walks" have made themselves by residence and reading familiar with the streets, the churches, and the galleries of that city of flowers. The work may be used as a trustworthy guide-book; we have examined its pages for the purpose of detecting what might have been forgotten or left out, and throughout we find the most painstaking compilation from the best authorities. This comprehensive completeness is perhaps all that the public has a right to look for in a work which is of the nature of a handbook, and yet the general reader would have been glad if it had been compatible with the authors' plan to throw more life into the narrative and greater individuality into the criticisms. From a literary point of view the sentences are too uniform in construction, the style is timidly pruned down to almost a bald simplicity, and though praise is due for the suppression of that emotional writing which is the bane of female authors when they approach fine-art topics, we could not have blamed the intrusion of touches such as give charm to the criticisms of Mrs. Jameson. The famed Boboli Gardens, which commonly betray travellers into the use of highly coloured superlatives, are by the Misses Horner thus depicted in the faithful style of a catalogue or inventory:—

Tall trees and hedges of bay, cypress, olive, flex, and other evergreens divide the ground into endless walks, shady pathways, and groves adorned with statues of unequal merit and varied with water containing gold fish. Above all towers the noble stone-pine, and beneath are banks of roses and grassy lawns, which refresh the eye, fatigued by the glare of the city. In the midst of a large sheet of water near the Porta Romana is a group of statuary by Giovan Bologna, placed on what is called the Isoletto, from whence the ground rises abruptly; and an avenue of tall trees and hedges, with statues at intervals, leads to a plateau, commanding, towards the south and west, splendid views of the town and surrounding country. The little meadow on the plateau is called L'Uccellaja, probably from having at one time been a bird-snare, so common around Florence. A little higher is a winding staircase, the entrance to the garden of the Cavaliere, where there is a casino or villa, with a small garden, from whence is obtained a distant view of hill and valley in the direction of Arezzo and Rome, &c.

The accounts of the picture galleries are careful and even critical, in proof of which may be quoted the well-considered verdicts passed upon works that have been for some time under controversy. Thus the genuineness of the "celebrated picture," "The Three Fates," by Michael Angelo, in the Pitti Palace, is properly called in question; in like manner doubt, at least as to the name, is thrown on the so-called portrait of the "Fornarina" in the Uffizi. When we were last in Florence it had become the fashion to assign this forcible and highly coloured head and bust to one of the Venetian painters. We would have wished for less timidity

on the part of the authors in coming to some decisive opinion on a still more dubious work, "The Last Supper," in the refectory of a suppressed convent, ascribed with the easy credulity of Florentine critics to Raffaello. After careful examination of the work itself, with drawings and other evidence adduced on the spot, we have never been able to make Raffaello responsible for this inferior production. We are glad to see that Signor Cavalcaselle is among the disbelievers; Mr. Layard, too, in a monograph for the Arundel Society, asserts that the work "is certainly not" by Raffaello.

The Convent of San Marco, in the days when we knew Florence, was not accessible to ladies, but under the new régime the cells are open to women as well as to men; consequently the frescoes by Fra Angelico, who decorated the monastery in which he dwelt, are described in detail by the Misses Horner. It is scarcely to be expected that anything fresh can be said of these oft-lauded spiritual creations; but at any rate the little that is stated may be trusted as far as it goes. Thus when we refer to one of the most important of these compositions, "The Crucifixion," we find the remark, "The background was probably once blue, but in its present state is a dull red." Opposed to this common sense explanation, and in face of the fact known to all students of Italian frescoes that the blue of lapis lazuli falls as dust from the wall, exposing the ground beneath, there has been advanced the theory that the red which now fires the background to this Crucifixion was expressly chosen by the artist as symbolic of the woe in which nature shared when the sun was darkened and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain. That pictorial effects beyond the ordinary course of nature are looked for by certain writers may be judged from M. Rio's reflections, suggested by this very picture:—

Every time [writes this mystic critic] that Angelico painted Christ on the cross, tears flowed as abundantly from his eyes as if he had assisted on Calvary at this last scene of the passion; and it is to this sympathy, so real and profound, that we must attribute the pathetic expression he has imparted to the different personages who are witnesses of the crucifixion.

It is impossible to conceive of a greater contrast than that between the passage just quoted and the whole tenor of the work now under review. These "Walks" are not reveries, but realities; these criticisms are not triumphs of faith, but truths of the rationalistic intellect. Yet, while they have the merit of being clear and concise, they naturally lack the spiritual insight which often reward students who indulge in mysticism and emotions and acknowledge the sway of imagination.

The chapter devoted to the oft-described Mausoleum of San Lorenzo is distinguished by touches of thought altogether unusual in these pages. The whole family of the Medici, it is curious to observe, are here treated with a scorn which is but natural to writers whose family name is known in the annals of liberty. Turning from the Medici to the sepulchral monuments, the Misses Horner are entitled to speak of sculpture, inasmuch as the use of the chisel is not unknown to them; a careful posthumous bust of their friend Mrs. Jameson was executed by one of the sisters. Unwonted ardour animates the tribute paid to Michael Angelo, whose character as a man and whose genius as an artist equally command respect. We are made all the better to understand "Il Pensiero"—the statue to Giuliano, the youngest son of Lorenzo the Magnificent—by the quotation of a sonnet written by the Duke in defence of suicide:—"It is not cowardice, nor does it spring from cowardice, if to escape the terrible things which are in store for me I hated life and longed for its end." It will be remembered that Michael Angelo has made the head meditative and melancholy from the solemn shadow cast by the helmet. "What from beneath the helm-like bonnet scowls?" asks the poet Rogers; "is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?" "The mien is noble, most majestic." The colossal recumbent figures on the tomb of Giuliano, which rest, after "la terribil' maniera," in a kind of uneasy unrest, "represent Night and Day, typical probably of Death and Resurrection." The two companion figures on the opposite tomb personify Twilight and Dawn. The following criticism on these four allegorical statues proves how greatly these volumes would have gained in animation and power had the writers more often ventured to give free play to the pen:—

The majestic female figure of Night, or Death, is wonderfully real. She is crowned with poppies; an owl is at her feet, and beneath her pillow is a mask, symbolical of the body from whence the spirit has departed. Though not beautiful, there is such an awful grandeur as well as repose in that queenly woman, that we can well comprehend how in a period of war and cruelty, treachery and injustice, when good men were harassed by doubt and truth was shrouded in darkness, Michael Angelo must have found peace for a few hours whilst embodying the image of deep, if not dreamless, sleep. In contrast to Night, or Death, is the huge figure of Day, or Resurrection, rising from his rocky bed. . . . Michael Angelo might have intended to represent in these four allegorical statues the times in which he lived, when those very Medici had brought shame, grief, and ruin on their country. Dawn awakens to sorrow, Day rises weary, Twilight brings repose, but Night alone is to be envied the calm of sleep; but she too must wake.

The changes which have been rife in Florence within the last ten years do not afford as much novelty of material as might have been anticipated. We are told, however, that under the government of Victor Emmanuel the Tuscan people have little cause to regret the loss of the old Grand Duke, whose drowsy mind and manners have been satirized by one of his former subjects thus:—

The Tuscan Morpheus gently moves along,  
With poppies and with lettuce garlands crowned;  
Eager for immortality he drains  
Our pockets and the marshes.

\* *Walks in Florence.* By Susan and Joanna Horner. With Illustrations. London: Strahan & Co. 1873.



Florence we remember as far back as the memorable year 1848, when the late Grand Duke thus caricatured remained still the idol of his people. We happened to be present when, on his triumphal entry into Siena, the horses were taken from his carriage. The taxes were then light, living was cheap, the Tuscans were content and given to *festas*; in the churches might be seen women who for refinement and beauty seemed to have but just stepped from a canvas of Raffaele; the galleries were free to students, copyists, and the public generally; along the streets, when the cool of evening came, might be heard young men with guitars singing Italian songs in company as they walked homewards after an excursion beyond the city walls. Florence has suffered much since those days, and she is certainly not more pleasant, at least to lovers of art and of simple modes of living. We do not account as very important the fact recounted in these pages "that the Palazzo dei Pitti is no longer inhabited by an Austrian prince." More in the way of an improvement may be the embankment of the Arno down to the Cascine. Other works, not without importance, have been put in hand or completed. For example, the unfinished facade of the Cathedral had given rise to a proverb; whenever any work would never be ended, the saying was "La non sarà; già, l'opera di Santa Maria del Fiore." The new Government undertook the completion of this facade. In like manner was opened the covered way which connected the Uffizi with the Pitti Palace. Changes have also taken place in the Piazza del Gran Duca, now the Piazza della Signoria; and revolutions have been wrought in other parts of the city. It is not clear to how recent a period these volumes come down; we observe no mention of a late announcement that Michael Angelo's "David" was about to be removed from the open square to the adjoining gallery. In Florence and other cities where every stone is an historic monument we are always fearing what change may come next.

One of the vicissitudes inevitable with the lapse of time is that the living join company with the dead; thus Campo-Santos once scantily tenanted have become populous. There are few spots that the English traveller visits with more interest than the Protestant burial-ground in Rome, where are the simple graves of Shelley and Keats. And now kindred associations cling to the Protestant Cemetery of Florence; here lie buried Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Theodosia Trollope, Arthur Clough, and Theodore Parker. We regret to find that this "God's acre" is not so picturesque as formerly. Recent demolitions have spoilt the quiet seclusion of the spot, and in place of ivy-covered walls and tall old cypress trees there are now only a neat iron railing and a few spruce shrubs.

#### OFF THE SKELLIGS.\*

TO clear up at once what to most people would present a geographical puzzle, we will begin by explaining that the Skelligs are two bold and bare peaks off the South-West coast of Kerry. The Great Skellig is described as standing nearly ten miles out to sea; and, in a storm, the "powdering spray" of the Atlantic billows is sometimes known to wet the ledges of rock three parts up the thousand feet of sheer and towering precipice. This monster crag, as well as its companion the Lesser Skellig, peopled by and resonant with myriads of gannet, has been selected by Miss Ingelow to give a title for her story, because the whole action centres round a sudden and terrible adventure which breaks in upon a quiet yacht cruise in the immediate neighbourhood of the rocky giants. Uncle Rollin's yacht (he is uncle and guardian to the heroine, Dorothea Graham) finds herself one dark night running straight upon a burning vessel; and she by and by contrives to track out and to rescue the greater part of the passengers and crew, as they drift along on the forlorn hope of a raft. And here the thread of the narrative, in its crudest and simplest form, may be conveniently indicated. The most remarkable of all the passengers, and the man who, at tremendous risks and by superhuman efforts, has succeeded in keeping things together on the raft until the yacht brings relief, is Mr. Giles Brandon, who comes on board so battered and scarred and blackened by the fire that he is at first taken for a common sailor, but who turns out, when surgical skill and Dorothea's nursing have been brought to bear upon him, to be a gentleman of cultivation and of fortune. He is more than this, for he has been largely concerned in working out schemes and experiments in philanthropy, and is altogether a man of originality and of power. Quite early in the second volume, while the yacht is still moving quietly onwards towards a favourable port, it becomes sufficiently clear that Dorothea and Mr. Brandon are destined, unless some cruel and insufferable counterblast strikes across the course of events, to reach the final and absolute companionship of marriage. It is in her unique conception of a sequel, from this point to the end of a fourth volume, that the real power and distinctiveness of Miss Ingelow's narrative are principally to be remarked. Both Dorothea and her patient, whose qualities are brought into excellent relief by juxtaposition with Tom Graham, the admirably drawn brother of the heroine, are too sensitive, too reserved, and too much beset by those uncertain speculations about each other which never fail to arise in highly sensitive natures, to admit of their going through the ordinary experience known as "falling in love." A profound interest appears in either

case to pass into love without the consciousness of such a transition. And in the meanwhile an obstacle to a deeper and more permanent understanding does arise, in a quarter entirely unsuspected by either. For Giles Brandon has a half-brother, everybody's favourite and his own into the bargain, a spoiled young rogue over six feet and under twenty years, who thinks fit to fall in love with Dorothea himself; and, not content with that, he goes on to propose marriage, succeeding at last in not only carrying the point of a settled engagement, but in getting the day of marriage fixed, immediately after which the young pair are to emigrate to a home in New Zealand.

We are indicating, as we said before, only the crudest form of the narrative, and we may as well make that complete before commenting on the interesting and delicate workmanship of the superstructure. Valentine, who has unwittingly raised what seemed a hopeless barrier across the path of the bemused lovers, each unconsciously deluding and each deluded, is himself the cause of its removal. The day of the wedding draws near, the invitations are sent out, all the orders given, and the preparations for New Zealand in a most advanced stage, when, at the eleventh hour, the mercurial bridegroom plays truant and finds that he loves another. He is in reality far more boy than man, in spite of his inches; half of the charm which he had found in the engagement turns out to have arisen from the dignity and importance of the situation, and especially from an irresistible pleasure in "cutting out young Prentice," an idiotic and philandering schoolfellow; and he thus collapses at the first touch of reality in his career, finding a certain Lucy Nelson to be "the loveliest of her sex," and desiring henceforth to regard Dorothea as "the dearest of sisters." After this explanation the end is not far off. Giles and Dorothea, though the situation is not at first an easy one for either, soon begin to see things under clearer and truer lights; the mists of doubt and misunderstanding melt away, and they are safely married at length, though not until the very last page of the story, nor without one concluding hitch during the progress of the very ceremony itself. The history of this little accident gives so good a specimen of Miss Ingelow's minute and characteristic method in narrative that we shall make no apology for quoting it entire:—

But, as if it was quite impossible that anything concerning me could be done as other people do it, all on a sudden, while Giles held my hand, a thought seemed to flash straight out of his heart into mine, that he had forgotten the ring. I was quite sure of it. He did not even put his finger into his waistcoat pocket, as a man might have done who had bought one and left it behind. There was no ring: he had forgotten it.

A pause.

"Fanny?" said Mr. Mompesson; and Mrs. Mompesson, with all the good will in the world, and with Mr. Crayshaw to help her, tried to get her ring off her dear fat friendly hand, and tried in vain.

Giles almost groaned. He had expected me to be more than commonly nervous. Now seemed some ground for it; but real and sheer nervousness often goes off when there is anything to be nervous about, and I now felt very much at my ease, and whispered to Giles that a ring would be found somewhere. So it was. The clerk had darted out of the church at the first sight of Mrs. Mompesson's hand, and in a few minutes he returned, following a lovely, fresh-complexioned young woman in a linen sun-bonnet, and with a fat, crowing baby on her arm. She was out of breath; and, coming up to Giles quickly, she thrust out her honest hand, and allowed him to draw her ring off, and marry me with it. A healthy-looking young fellow, in a paper cap, which he presently removed, came slouching in after her, and looked on, unable, as it seemed, to repress an occasional grin of amusement; when the ceremony was over, they followed us into the vestry, and we all sat talking a little while, till some rings were brought from a shop for me, and Giles chose one and paid for it. Then I felt that I was Mrs. Brandon.

He returned the ring he had used to the young woman, but I observed that she made her husband put it on for her again; and, as he did so, he remarked to Giles, with a certain quaint complacency, that wives wanted humouring, and for his part—he might be wrong—but he considered it was their due. Then in all good faith, assuring him that he would never repent what he had that day done, he set his paper cap on his head, and retired with his family; while we, having taken leave of our friends, stepped out into the fields, and departed together, to begin our story.

These four volumes make up a novel of a very unusual kind. There is such a plenitude of circumstantial narrative—and we cannot omit a remark, in passing, on Miss Ingelow's advanced stage of proficiency in the details of nautical description—that a superficial reader might fail to detect the carefully conceived plot, slowly but consistently developing itself. In Giles and Dorothea we have the portraiture of two highly sensitive and sympathetic natures, mystifying themselves and each other by the sheer intensity of these innate characteristics, and weaving a network of embarrassments where there was not the slightest occasion for them. Such a tangle, when once begun, may become still more cruelly and perhaps hopelessly confused by the sheer force of circumstances; and this, too, is cleverly illustrated as the narrative proceeds. Dorothea, until quite late in the course of events, believes Giles to be devoted to another woman, who turns out to be the invalid and elderly sister of a lady who, after rousing his immature enthusiasm, had died years before. Again, Giles distinctly perceives the shallow and transient nature of the boyish attachment on the strength of which the brother whom he loved was going to take from under his very eyes the woman whom he loved better, and he tries his best to awaken Dorothea's perception on this head in good time. It was an awkward task, and ended only in "confusion worse confounded." The straightforward Giles himself is taken in by the belief that the heroine is moved by a genuine and passionate attachment for her boy-lover; the fact being that she has drifted into the engagement partly from the reserve and reticence of the elder brother, partly from her mistakes about him, partly from the fact that Valentine's amusing qualities

\* *Off the Skelligs.* By Jean Ingelow. 4 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co.

make him often her only resource in the country house where they are all staying after the voyage and the rescue, and chiefly because he, who seemed alone to care about her, was also for the most part a fragile creature to whom she could render real service. And so on through a number of events and influences and situations, the connexion and interworking of which is carried out with a degree of art and skill very effectively concealed under an apparently artless narrative. Valentine is the most completely original character in the book. He is the late-born son of the fine old Squire who is Giles's stepfather, and what with his youth and his too rapid growth and his weak lungs, and consequently slipshod home education, he appears on the scene at nineteen an ingenious and impudent rattle, with enough humour to make his impudence generally amusing, and enough vivacity and grace to ensure its being forgiven. When disturbed by his brother in a *tête-à-tête* with Dorothea (a most frequent occurrence with them, as among other duties she kept him regularly at work with his books), the scapegrace is equal to the occasion:—

"Now, Giles," said Valentine, "I'm improving my mind; Miss Graham is telling me a story. And if you want to come in, come in! and don't stand blocking out the light. Well, go on, Miss Graham. 'She was sailing right in the wind's eye,' didn't you say? 'when he, most unexpectedly, closed it; and they wouldn't have been able to trim the sails if one of them hadn't been torn to ribbons, which they naturally used for the purpose.'"

"Nonsense!"

"Ah! it's very well to say nonsense; but I've heard Giles say that if it was possible to use a sea-term erroneously, you had the wit to do it. Your brother says the same. No, it wasn't exactly that, St. George, that we were talking of. She was telling me, that in a ship the yards in sailing before the wind are braced square, and the mizen sail alone is usually in a fore-and-aft position. Isn't that a nice thing to know? I'm glad they brace the yards square, it does equal honour to their heads and hearts."

"Touching confidences," said Mr. Brandon; "but, Miss Graham, come and sing to us."

And again, when forbidden—in vain, as it soon proved—to adopt a more familiar mode of addressing his new friend than the formal and usual one, he retorts:—

"No; I believe if you had as many names as the *Smiler simulata*, you would like to be called by them all. I saw a plant labelled once for the benefit of the ignorant public in Kensington Gardens—*Smiler simulata*—the Simulated Smilax, a Smilaceous plant. What do you think it was? why, a wallflower!"

As to Dorothea herself, notwithstanding her many perversities and her great facility in marring her own prospects of happiness, she is on the whole distinctly and naturally conceived, and her part is worked out consistently to the end. In her strength, as well as her weakness, in her aims and her motives, in her successes and shortcomings, she is always thoroughly feminine, an excellent point in the delineation of such a character; and her momentary collapse, both in *physique* and in resolution, after the first few days of her solitary life in London, is admirably described, and tells with good results upon the general effect which she produces.

Giles Brandon is the least happy conception among the characters which stand out in most prominent relief. Miss Ingelow has to some extent shared in an error not uncommon among female writers of far less genius and imaginative power. The temptation that beguiles some such producers of fiction is to paint their chief hero more demigod than man. Miss Ingelow has not gone to this extreme; but the perfections of various kinds with which Giles has been invested fail to produce a harmonious or attractive whole. George Eliot is apt to run into the other extreme. She is seldom so felicitous as when she is withdrawing the veil, with a somewhat ruthless hand for the most part, from some of the meaner phases of masculine weakness. No man has ever been described by her so self-reliant as the two women Dinah and Dorothea Brooke. Miss Ingelow prefers to exhibit an ideal of the nobler qualities in a man; and the worst that can be said of her ideal is that it is overdrawn here and there to the point of becoming oppressive; we lose the man in the unresting philanthropist, in the reformer who desires to be a sort of minor Providence to his species, and in the sublimely unselfish, but singularly ill-judging and miscalculating, lover.

Besides the three who may be called, in a sense, the protagonists of the story, there are several minor figures of varying importance in the development, and all made to move and speak with vivid interest and definiteness of characteristic. The chief of these are Uncle Rollin, the owner of the yacht which, for some while after her eventful rescue from the Ipswich boarding-school, was Dorothea's home; Tom, the quick-witted, but highly selfish and undesirable, brother; Brand and Mrs. Brand, the steward and stewardess on board the yacht; Anne, a practical *dévoûte*, the high-minded servant of Dorothea; and several members of the household to which Giles and Valentine belong. All of them would well deserve some special remark if our space allowed. But we must be contented to notice one more striking feature in *Off the Skelligs*, and then conclude. This feature is the very remarkable and elaborate study of precocity with which the novel opens. Tom and Dorothea Graham are both described as children of most unusually developed intellect, and the whole thing is done with a precision and circumstantiality which suggest the conviction that Miss Ingelow must have had actual models or memories before her eye. The children live their busy little lives, first near the wharves of a tidal river, passing many blissful hours amidst the never-enough-explored aisles and recesses of a minster hard by; and later, on the edge of a great wide common, dotted all over with hillocks, and covered with broom and heather and hawthorn-trees. They invent a language of their own, and discuss the question of weak

and strong preterites; they repeat scenes from Shakspeare till Tom gets a brain-fever, and on his recovery indemnifies himself for the loss of his favourite copy of the plays by teaching scenes to his little sister, who lisps through them with a most moving enthusiasm; and among other adventures, they visit and feed for days an escaped convict who has sought a temporary refuge in the minster tower. This episode of "our man" in the tower is told with much the same perfection of narrative power that Victor Hugo has thrown into the opening scenes of *Les Misérables*; and the life in the nursery and on the common is described with a minuteness and vitality that remind one of the methods of Erckmann-Chatrian, and with the same charm and delicacy that have won for Miss Ingelow's poetry the position which it holds among English and American readers. Altogether we repeat that the novel is a very unusual one; of great, though unequal, merit; full of detail and interest; and relieved throughout, even in its more serious passages, by touches of humour of which we have been unable here to convey any adequate idea.

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